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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WE have been permitted to see Mr. Eden's interviews in Rome through a glass darkly. "Cordial" discussions, of course, took place, and Signor Mussolini was assured that the "Stresa front," though it may look rather shaky, still holds. But what is of immediate concern is not generalities in Europe but particularities in Africa. What exactly did Mussolini say to Eden, and Eden to Mussolini, about Abyssinia? The British suggestions, it is officially stated, were considered unsatisfactory by Italy. There have been insistent reports that she is asking for a protectorate or a mandate in Abyssinia. This is a demand which, if it were attributed to anyone but Mussolini, we should dismiss as incredible. Abyssinia is not a colony; it is a sovereign State, a member of the League of Nations, and its independence has been guaranteed by treaties whose signatories include Italy herself.

Italy and the League

But suppose, as surely we must, that Mussolini fails to get approval for any such outrageous plan, what remains? There is war. Or there is the chance—which he may regard as a good chance—of his badgering Great Britain and France into helping him to extort concessions from Abyssinia—beginning, say, with the construction of an Italian railway across the country from Eritrea in the north to Somaliland in the south. This project was envisaged in an agreement between France, Britain and Italy as long ago as 1906, and in another in 1925 between Britain and Italy. Abyssinia, of course, was consulted about neither of those agreements; she, together with France, protested strongly against the second. It would be a scandal of the first magnitude if any bargain of this sort were now to be struck with Mussolini, and we do not suspect the British Government of intending so open a sabotage of public morals. But can we and the other League Powers simply fold our hands and watch Italy make open war? We are the chief wardens of the Suez Canal, the closing of which to Italian ships would be an effective barrier to this aggression. If the League is forced to decide that sanctions are necessary, our duty is plain. And to let Mussolini know at once that we shall not flinch from it is the best chance of stopping his adventure before it goes any farther.

A German Promise

Germany, the First Lord of the Admiralty tells us, was pledged by her representatives in the recent naval discussions "never again to resort to unrestricted submarine warfare." That will make four of us; the U.S.A., Japan and Great Britain are already fully bound under the London Naval Treaty. France and Italy signed the treaty, but did not ratify it. We welcome the German promise for what it is worth—which is very likely not much.

But if the naval Powers can agree to this amount of limitation, why cannot they go farther? Some of them, as we know, are firm against the complete abolition of submarines, which they regard as necessary for defence. But a ban on big submarines, which are essentially offensive weapons, is surely an easier matter to arrange, and it would save a good deal of both worry and anxiety. Meanwhile, the Nazis who are playing the dove abroad have not ceased to be tigers at home. Not only does the persecution of Socialists, Liberals, Jews (and Christians, too) persist, but it is, as we hear from authoritative sources, actually being intensified.

Another Jugoslav Crisis

Jugoslavia had another political crisis last week, and yet another may be expected before long. M. Yevtitch, after the well-rigged elections in May, had ensconced himself in power with his large Serbian majority. But dissensions in the Cabinet left him no alternative to resignation. Here, it seemed, was a chance for the Regent, who is a prudent man with liberal views, to get a government on a broader basis. He has been partially successful. The new Prime Minister is M. Stoyadinovitch, a Serbian Radical, who was Finance Minister under M. Yevtitch. He has in his Cabinet several prominent men of the opposition who were formerly proscribed, including Dr. Spaho and Dr. Koroshetz. But Dr. Matchek, leader of the main Opposition bloc, could not be persuaded to come in. The new Government to him is still too like the old gang, the oppressors of Croatia; and he demands an amnesty of political offenders, the dissolution of parliament, the enactment of a new electoral law and the holding of free elections. Another general election pretty soon appears highly probable, though whether it will be quite "free" remains to be seen. But it looks as if Jugoslavia is at last groping its way to a more genuine democracy in which the non-Serb peoples will be treated as equals and not as underdogs. Until that is achieved the "Triune Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes" will be a synonym for disunity and unhappiness.

The U.S.A. On the Up-grade

The disappearance of most of the N.R.A. appears to be causing much less disturbance than was expected after the decision of the Supreme Court. There has been some wage-cutting, but apparently so far not a great deal. "Cut-price" wars have started in a few trades, but not on the grand scale that was confidently prophesied a week or two ago. Stock market sentiment has been of late distinctly "bullish"; and despite the temporary lull in public works—the U.S.A. is now between two schemes—employment seems on the whole to be on the up-grade. Of course, this does not mean that there is any sign of the American depression being over; but it does seem to mean that something is at last being done to re-equip industry, which has plenty of technical arrears to make up. The capital market is still mainly occupied with refunding of old debts; but there have been enough new issues to prove that the alleged terrors of the new Securities Act have been grossly exaggerated, and that business men will not hesitate to appeal to the investors for capital as soon as they see the prospect of putting it to profitable use. Profits are in fact recovering; but as recovery is certain to involve a great deal of further mechanisation, employment is not likely to advance at anything like the same pace as production and investment. There remains the fundamental problem for the U.S.A.—to find means of employing the people and thus supplying them with enough consuming power to use up the abundant wealth which the economic system is technically able to produce.

Mr. Roosevelt's New Move

Mr. Roosevelt, instead of quarrelling with the Supreme Court, has picked a fresh battleground and, from the tactical standpoint, appears to have picked it well. He is now asking Congress immediately to adopt proposals for a higher and more steeply graduated taxation of the larger incomes and of inherited wealth. It is common knowledge that Federal taxation in the United States is light, and that under it the richer sections of the community get off very easily. The President wants a lot more money for his "social security" measures, as well as for meeting the charges involved in the huge borrowing of the past few years; and he is obviously right in holding that this extra money ought to be provided by the rich. In Congress, especially in the Senate, there will be a good many Democrats as well as Republicans who will not share this view; but it is doubtful whether they will venture to oppose the President over what is certain to be a very popular cry with most of the electors. Of course, even if Mr. Roosevelt gets everything he is asking for, American taxation will still be much lighter and much less progressive than ours. and much lighter than the taxes paid by French citizens. Mr. Roosevelt is at most only bringing American public finance into line with developments which took place over here in the years after 1906. But, probably, as an election issue, "social security," coupled with more progressive taxation, is as good as any that could be found. It may suffice to keep the Radicals from forcing forward their own proposals for ending the crisis, and even to prevent the constitutional issue from taking first place. For there is no doubt of the President's constitutional power to tax, or to use the proceeds for relief of poverty and distress.

The 40-Hour Week Shelved

The I.L.O. Conference has had none too happy an ending. It did succeed in adopting a general Convention proposing in principle the universal acceptance of the forty-hour week; but of the special Conventions applying the principle to particular trades only one—for the glass-bottle industry—secured the requisite two-thirds majority, and that only by the narrowest margin. The British Government representative, after abstaining on glass bottles, voted against the draft Conventions for building and contracting and for public works. The broad moral of the Geneva discussions is that, though the forty-hour week has now replaced the forty-eight hour week as the bone of contention, there is no sign of any real willingness to give adherence to it except in principle—certainly none to accept it with the safeguards against reduced earnings which are regarded as essential by the Trade Union delegates. Apart from the hours question, the Conference adopted a merely declamatory resolution in favour of raising the school-leaving age to fifteen, and therewith making fifteen the normal age of entry into industry.

Draft Conventions dealing with this question will come before next year's Conference, together with the abortive Hours Conventions shelved this year. Altogether it has been an unsatisfactory meeting; and it is not easy to believe that the official speeches made at the close, in a tone of moderate optimism, can have expressed the real feelings of the speakers. There is an unanswerable case for shorter hours and better conditions of work; but a good case is not enough to make an effective Convention.

The I.C.C. on Gold

The debate on currency stabilisation at this week's conference of the International Chamber of Commerce revealed large differences of opinion between those who stand unconditionally for a return to the gold standard and those who argue that something else must happen before an agreed return to gold can become practicable. Among the British representatives Professor Gregory championed the first view, whereas Lord Luke and Mr. Schofield, representing the cotton trade, argued for the second. Professor Rist, of the Bank of France, was, of course, in favour of a speedy return to gold over the whole world; but his speech appeared to show a greater preparedness than the Bank of France has expressed hitherto for some manner of devaluation as part of a concerted international scheme of stabilisation. Among the opponents of an immediate return to gold some maintained that tariffs ought to be lowered first, and others that the return should be put off until prices have come back to the level of 1929—to which Professor Gregory retorted that the 1929 level of prices is about as relevant now as the 1914 level was in 1920, at the height of the post-war boom. Altogether, the impression left by the discussion was of a growing readiness to consider a return to gold at some future date, but by no means of an approach to agreement about the immediate future. It is true that Mr. Morgenthau has just dropped a strong hint that the United States would be prepared to enter into a general stabilisation agreement; but the commonest feeling is that the economic outlook is still too uncertain for most countries to be willing to pledge themselves for the future.

The Peace Ballot

This week sees the end of the most remarkable popular referendum ever initiated and carried through by private enterprise. The history of the Peace Ballot, with the statistical analysis of the final returns, is now published in a shilling pamphlet by Messrs. Gollancz. The results surpass the expectations of the most optimistic supporter of the League of Nations. Over eleven and a half million people voted, over ten and a half million of them in favour of Great Britain remaining a member of the League. A much larger vote, as Mr. Walter Ashley points out in his analysis, than that ever obtained by any single party at a general election. The majorities in favour of disarmament, of enforcing peace by non-military sanctions, of abolishing the private manufacture of arms and all naval and military aircraft were also overwhelming. Even in the last question, which asked if the voter favoured the use of collective military sanctions, if necessary, against an aggressor, the "Yes" answers were almost three times as numerous as the "Noes." Making all allowances for any tendency to vote for those who have promoted the poll, there seems no escape from the conclusion that the great majority of the British public has at length got hold of the idea of collective security and has abandoned the traditional view that each nation is entitled to look after its own interests in its own way. The unrealised implication of this vote is the abandonment of national sovereignty.

Maternal Mortality

A conference was convened by the Maternal Mortality Committee in London this week to discuss plans for combatting an evil which ought not to exist in this country. Our maternal mortality rate is deplorably high, and it is not going down. Yet, as Dame Janet Campbell puts it in her admirable brochure, *Maternity Services* (Faber and Faber, 1s.), "about 50 per cent. of maternal deaths might be avoided if the necessary professional competence, the clinical facilities, the material aid, and the intelligent co-operation of the patient were available always." In some places a great improvement has been effected by vigorous local efforts; two schemes of particular interest —at Rochdale and in Cheshire—were explained to the conference. But more comprehensive and concerted measures are called for. The local authorities are primarily responsible for the maternity service; they need stimulation, both by the pressure of public opinion and by special grants from central funds. The Committee urges, quite rightly, that all women should be able to get adequate ante-natal, natal and post-natal care, and it suggests the establishment in every area of a service definitely charged with the provision of such care. And it is imperative that we should have better trained midwives and maternity nurses—and doctors too—as well as more maternity beds in properly equipped hospitals.

Better than Nothing

The Ribbon Development Bill, having narrowly escaped damage in the Lords, is proceeding on its way through the Commons. Opponents of ribbon development are embarrassed on the one hand by the inadequacy of the Bill and on the other by the knowledge that if they were to defeat or delay it they would hold up the chance of anything being done for at least the lifetime of the present Parliament. Every week's delay means another stretch of country gone. Apart from Die-hard objections of the familiar kind to "compulsory purchase," criticism has mainly centred on the clause which hands over the responsibility for action to local authorities without providing them with the means to act. As Dr. Addison declared, the cost to local bodies of doing anything material under the Bill would be so considerable that we might be sure it would not be generally incurred. Although not even the Minister of Transport himself seems to have much faith in this Bill, probably the best thing is to pass it as it stands, since it will enable keen local authorities to take useful action, while the only present alternative is to allow to continue, without any check at all, the uneconomic and disastrous process which is destroying the English countryside.

Next Week's Issue will be a
SUMMER READING NUMBER

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BRITISH CASH AND GERMAN CREDIT

IT was not surprising to find Mr. Runciman avoiding an immediate reply to a question by Mr. Seymour Cocks in the House of Commons about Germany's use of foreign credits for the purchase of armaments. It is the fashion just now to suppress the facts about Germany and to look for a soul of good in everything Hitlerian. Influential papers, which tone down, eviscerate or even contradict the reports of their own German correspondents urge us to believe in Hitler's good intentions. First, they went into raptures over Hitler's speech in the Reichstag last month. If the whole speech had been reported instead of the summaries, its effect might have been very different. Then amongst several other friendly gestures came the Prince of Wales's very sincere assurance that the people of this country had by now forgotten the war, and a suggestion—which is now being put into effect—that representatives of our ex-servicemen's organisations might like to pay a visit to Germany. And now comes an exchange of compliments over the naval agreement, which was frankly impossible to reconcile with our recent promise of prior consultation with France, but which can no doubt be justified on the good old diplomatic ground that as between nations your word is less important than your interests. Very possibly, however, the French, too, will in time agree that it was well to get some pledge from Germany (even though it may soon be broken) rather than to embark on a completely unlimited naval armament race. It is not in fact the agreement itself that is dangerous, but the pretences which accompany it. These protestations and assurances of confidence in Germany may serve to disguise from the public that diplomacy has a financial basis.

From the German point of view British sympathy is not an end in itself. Nor is it a platonic essence from our own point of view. The fundamental thing required for maintaining the stability of the present regime in Germany and for the execution of its political and economic programme of rearmament is an adequate volume of imports of raw materials. The chief of these essential German imports are iron, copper, nickel, aluminium, cotton, wool, petrol and rubber. The Nazi problem has been, and still is, how to buy what Germany wants from abroad without paying for it. How, indeed, after her spectacular bankruptcy in 1933, when the Reichsbank's gold and foreign exchange reserves were virtually exhausted—how has Germany been able to make any financial headway at all with her colossal armaments programme? How has Germany after defaulting on her foreign debt service been able to continue to import commodities obviously intended for the later destruction of her baffled creditors? Strange as it may appear, the answer is that Germany has been enabled to do so mainly through the assistance of these creditors themselves. Among them Great Britain has been particularly useful. Dr. Schacht, who has brought off this conjuring trick, has understood better than any other national leader that in the capitalist world to-day it is not the creditor who bullies the debtor, but the debtor who dictates terms to the creditor.

The intimacy of Dr. Schacht's relations with Mr. Montagu Norman dates from 1924, when the Bank of England assisted in re-establishing the German currency and in inaugurating the regime which the Nazis have since supplanted. The importation of British capital into Germany followed, forging friendly links between Dr. Schacht and the City houses. The full consequences of British financial policy were painfully brought home to us in 1931, since when the Bank of England's efforts have been directed towards unfreezing the frozen German assets of the City. More recently the Bank has been further engaged in facilitating British export trade with Germany, thus necessitating, on the German side, all sorts of ingenious financial expedients in the form of exchange clearance schemes and the like. The most notable instance of Bank of England collaboration was the credit of £750,000 granted last December to assist German payments to British exporters.

Anglo-German commercial relations at the moment seem to have reached a critical point. An interesting sidelight is provided by the figures of German foreign trade for last month. There is actually a surplus of exports over imports of Rm.4,500,000. The volume of imports has fallen by no less than Rm.30,000,000 in the course of a month and, in comparison with the corresponding figure for the previous year, shows a decrease of Rm.50,000,000. The available evidence suggests that the Bank of England credit of last December has been exhausted and its repayment is nearing completion, but that at the same time, owing to the insatiable German demand for war material, a substantial volume of new German indebtedness has been contracted on the security of the Bank of England's £750,000. In the middle of May the *Financial News* estimated Germany's newly accrued debt at more than 1,000,000,000 Reichsmarks. Germany now needs a new and larger British credit.

At the end of last month Mr. Norman, on his way to a meeting of the Bank for International Settlements, conferred with Dr. Schacht. It is reasonable to suppose that credit arrangements may have entered into their discussions. Point is given to the supposition by the recent announcement of a fund for subsidising German exports, the basis of which is to be a percentage tax on turnover. Here is the necessary instrument for meeting the service on foreign credits.

The position, however, is hardly as straightforward as either the Bank of England or the Reichsbank might desire. Since last December world opinion has taken alarm at the magnitude of German rearmament, unwittingly aided and abetted by the credit facilities organised by the Bank of England. The grant of further assistance would certainly provoke criticism, and perhaps hostility. Hence the Bank's dilemma. On the one hand it is confronted by the large volume of debts contracted by Germany to our exporters, who stand once again in the shadow of depression or even of actual German default. On the other hand, if the Bank is unwilling to lead our exporters to the sacrificial altar, all that remains is to extend new credits to Germany, which will doubtless utilise them, if the December credit offers any guidance, to accumulate still further debts for armament purchases.

The Bank of England—indeed the City generally—traditionally views all such transactions in their financial aspect, and as "outside" politics. Its natural bias, therefore, is to extend further credits. These would not only stimulate British exports, but also assist in the gradual unfreezing of the City's German assets. Now

comes the rub. If such a policy is to be put into force, national alarm at German rearmament must be dissipated or at any rate diminished. We must be made to think of Germany as a customer rather than as a political enemy. And Germany's contribution to this end is likely to carry far greater weight than our own. Hence the adroitness with which Dr. Schacht has toned down the bellicose ardours of the Führer. Hence the conciliatory utterance of the Führer himself in the Reichstag, the gentle accent that evoked so prompt and trustful a response in those organs where the influence of the City is more than usually marked. Hence the new tone of cordiality—which may, with luck, last until Germany's next default.

The circumstances of the forthcoming visit of British ex-Service men to Germany have an interesting precedent. Last summer an interchange of cordial sentiments took place between French and German ex-combatants. It was notorious that the particular French ex-Service organisation concerned was a political body financed by heavy industry. After the event German imports of iron and iron ore were doubled in comparison with the figures for the previous year. The bulk of Germany's extra imports of iron came from France. There can be no question that French public opinion, if it had been aware of the transaction at the time, would have protested against its scandalous character. It would have been simple, in fact, to forestall the consequences of the manufactured exchange of cordialities by an embargo upon French exports of iron to Germany. But in the favourable atmosphere created by the controlled French press there was nothing to hinder a sectional interest from reaping an advantage at the public cost.

Is a similar programme in preparation here? The question is not fanciful and we should do well frankly to recognise the consequences to the world as a whole of further financial support of the Nazi regime. These consequences will not be any less disastrous because many of those who now urge us to trust Hitler quite sincerely believe that they are promoting world peace. Actually they are hastening war. The countries that help to bolster up Germany's crazy financial position will be the first to suffer from the gigantic armaments they pay for. These good-natured sentimentalists are apt, in their political zeal, to overlook decisive financial factors. Even from the City's point of view the policy of throwing good money after bad seems mad enough. Is the Bank of England to be allowed to pursue "purely financial" aims once again, regardless of the national interest? Has the City forgotten that 1931 saw the nemesis of its loan policy to Germany from 1924 onwards? What is likely to be the nemesis of a repetition of this policy in 1935, when British credits are admittedly no longer used for constructing public baths, but for the greatest armament expansion the world has ever known?

LAND SETTLEMENT

I.—HOW MANY MEN CAN WE SETTLE?

LAND settlement is in the air. Groups of unemployed, forty or so at a time, are already being settled, and this is expected to be a prelude to more grandiose schemes that vary from 500,000 down to about 18,000 in their estimates of the new settlers whom we may eventually establish.

So many wild statements are made by the more perfervid exponents of national self-sufficiency on the one hand and the sentimentalists on the other, that a brief survey of the possibilities for some thousands of new small farmers will not be amiss. Assuming that a smallholder is to make the equivalent of a decent wage from his land and is not to eke out a miserable existence with a pig, a handful of hens and a little vegetable growing, plus a few odd jobs round the village that come his way, it may safely be assumed that his holding must turn out food to the gross value of at least £700 a year. This immediately rules out 500,000 settlers, or anything like it, for their necessary output would equal our total imports of every kind of tropical or non-tropical food, drink and tobacco. In addition, however, there is only a limited selection of food products which the small-holder can profitably grow. Cereal production, mutton, lamb and beef raising are not suitable industries for small-holdings, and the trend of dairying development in this country at the present moment suggests that it would be the height of imprudence to set about establishing a large number of small dairying holdings, for already our increasing milk supplies are an embarrassment at the present prices of dairy products. The most we can hope for in this direction is a certain amount of calf-raising and pig-keeping in conjunction with butter and cheese-making until we have definite assurance that liquid milk drinking can be increased. Liquid milk sales are the key to the situation in this branch of farming, for if we could increase liquid consumption from a little over one-third to only half a pint (and a pint is the average figure in many comparable countries) nearly all the milk that now leaves our farms would be absorbed in liquid form. But we do not yet know if this can be done.

But let us say, perhaps rather rashly, that milk sales may be increased by £10,000,000 within the next few years. The next most important products for small-holders are pork and bacon. We import about £45,000,000 worth of pig meat annually. Provided we do not worry too much about how the Danes and others will pay for the bicycles, motor-cars and textiles we expect them to buy from us, we might transfer, say, £25,000,000 of this trade to our home producers. There is scope for more fruit to be grown, for fruit-eating is on the increase and the expansion of the home industry need not all be at the expense of the £12,000,000 worth of non-tropical fruits we import. Perhaps we might find room for another £5,000,000 worth of home-grown fruit. Our vegetable imports are valued at about £11,000,000 annually. At least half of these come at seasons of the year when we cannot produce them; so, at the outside, vegetables only offer scope for some £5,500,000 worth of increased home production on present consumption. Lastly, there are eggs and poultry. We import £17,000,000 worth of eggs, and the greater proportion of these are either eggs that come in when home supplies are low or are cheap eggs that would not be consumed at all if they were more expensive. Provided we can keep English egg prices down to reasonable limits, we might be able to produce £3,000,000 worth of these imports at home. A similar sum might be added to our table poultry producers' receipts if we seriously set about producing the good, reasonably priced, chicken meat we ought to produce.

This gives us a total of £51,500,000 that represents the scope for increased agricultural production in this country. It has been arrived at rather sketchily, and I make no claim that it is anything more than a rough indication of the possibilities open to us. But we probably could add something like this sum to our present output of food suitable for small-holding production. It would obviously be impossible, however, to earmark the whole of this total for new small-holders. Existing farmers and others not dependent upon any Government scheme would absorb part of it, particularly in respect of the two most important items, pigs and milk. The majority of farms of 250 acres and over to-day could increase the number of cows and pigs they are carrying if it were attractive to do so, and every year the scientists are increasing the stock-carrying capacity of our soil. It might fairly be assumed that they would produce half this increase, leaving £25,250,000 for the

new settlers. On the basis of £700 worth of food per holding to give the holder a decent living (a profit of 15 per cent. on turnover would thus return an income of £105 per annum), the scope for new small-holders would appear to be about 36,000.

That is on the basis of present consumption. But we know only too well that an unhappily large proportion of the population is not eating all the food it requires, and medical research is also showing that the food that should be eaten is the fresh products of our own soil that the new settlers would grow. One day the farming community may awaken to the value of this as propaganda instead of wasting their time on those doctors who criticise our milk supplies unfavourably. There is, therefore, room for increased food consumption in general and of fresh home-grown food in particular. A general increase is largely dependent upon increased purchasing power, which in turn is partly dependent upon setting the wheels of international trade to work again. Can this be done at the same time as we reduce some of our food imports? That is one of the questions that must be answered and which I will touch upon more fully later. Whatever that answer may be, the fact remains that consumption has been steadily rising. Between 1909 and 1924–27 there was an increase of 7 per cent., and between 1924–27 and 1932 an increase of 10 per cent. It is evident already that the expansion of home agriculture is very closely linked with a rising standard of living, and that those farmers who press for bigger and better tariffs that will cause the price of food to rise unduly are simply conniving at their own undoing. More trade and cheaper food must somehow be wedded to an expansionist policy for British agriculture, if we wish to see a flourishing and better populated countryside. In addition to rising consumption of the food suitable for production on these contemplated holdings, it must also be remembered that the new producers we think of settling on the land are consumers also, and those of them who are taken off the list of the unemployed will consume more food than formerly. Their standard of living, so far as food is concerned, will have risen, and so they will have added to the total sum of the world's prosperity, which, in the end, is the only satisfactory way of increasing consumption. For ultimately we shall be little better off if we do no more than put a man into employment in Bedfordshire only to place an erstwhile purchaser of British goods in Denmark in the workhouse. The expansion of output on existing farms will also create the need for more farm workers on them, and they too will become greater consumers than if they were living on parish relief, with a few odd jobs, as so many thousands of them are doing to-day. These factors must also be taken into consideration, but at the very best I doubt if they could do more than double the rough estimate of 36,000 mentioned above. As a final estimate, therefore, that errs perhaps on the optimistic side, there may be room for 70,000 new small-holders, in addition to those who would find employment on existing farms and holdings where the output would be increased. If one existing holding in every ten took on a fresh man, 35,000 more farm labourers would find jobs.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN DIARY

I WAS in Prague for the spectacular elections in which the Nazis swept the board among the German minority, and also for the return of Dr. Benes from his very successful visit to Moscow. I doubt if people in England have realised the importance of either event. Why we are so ignorant of the Czechs I scarcely know; we forget that here bang in the middle of Europe is a very tough people who really gained by the war. We forget, now that talk of having fought to end German militarism sounds such tragic nonsense, that anyone could have gained anything by the war. But the Czechs and Slovaks won back their political independence after three hundred years of Habsburg oppression. They won free speech, religious freedom and self-government; and Prague, once the capital of the Holy Roman Empire, is to-day again not only a delightful baroque city surviving for the delight of architects and historians, but also the busy capital of an active and independent people. They are naturally worried by the success of Nazi propaganda amongst the German minority. The Germans are about 20 per cent. of the population. They are economically powerful and well-organised. Some predominantly German districts ought, of course, never to have been made part of Bohemia after the war. Masaryk was, I believe, opposed to their incorporation. They are obviously a source of weakness not of strength to the Czechs, and a simple-minded visitor who knew nothing of the ways of diplomacy or of nationalism might wonder why the Czechs do not at once offer to restore these districts to Germany.

* * *

Even if Czech nationalism would agree to this, and even if the races were more clearly divided than they are, so that giving back German areas did not mean also passing over Czech miners to the tender mercies of Hitler—even so, I doubt if an offer of frontier revision would help. It is not that the German minority have grievances under Czech rule. As minorities go they are wonderfully well off. There are Germans in the Government; they have their own schools, their own University and equal political rights. Of course they complain that there are Czech officials who refuse to talk German to Germans, just as there are Czechs who tell you that in the German towns in Bohemia Czech shopkeepers are boycotted and workmen bullied by the Germans. None of these things count. The Germans have only one great grievance—that they used to rule in Bohemia and do so no longer. They believe that they belong to a higher culture, and now that Germany is strong again hope to regain their supremacy. Henlein, the Führer of the Czech Nazis, is known to be closely in touch with Hitler, and since his success at the polls, after which he took a trip to Switzerland to consult with his German sponsors, has tactically adopted an extremely loyal attitude to the present republic. He makes no demands for revision of frontiers, as he might reasonably be expected to do, and it is generally believed among the educated Czechs that the Nazis do not intend to indulge in irredentist propaganda but to wait until Austria is Nazi, when Czechoslovakia, practically encircled, will once again fall into the Teutonic grasp.

* * *

In these circumstances Dr. Benes' journey to Russia had a quite unusual significance. He was received there with immense enthusiasm. Moscow, which used to spurn him as a bourgeois, now fêtes him as one of the chief advocates of collective security and one of the chief instruments through which Russia entered the League. Dr. Benes has the advantage of being a good linguist who could talk to the Russians in their own language. It was easy for him to emphasise the importance of cultural co-operation in the new Russo-Czech pact. Both countries are Slavonic, and Russian literature has always played an important part in Czech education. Now that it is forgotten, for the time being at least, that Russia is Bolshevik and Czechoslovakia bourgeois, the relations of the two countries is likely to be very close. Prague, I take it, will be a place where one can see the Russian ballet and the Moscow opera, and Czech artists will be equally welcome in Russia. A growth of friendship among Slavonic peoples is the inevitable result of the rise of Nazi Germany with its German racial propaganda. In the background is the fact that only a narrow strip of Roumania divides the Czech from the Russian frontier, and that while the Czechs have always proved a hard nut to crack, they are a far more serious obstacle to Germany's expansionist ambitions if the Red Army, and still more the Red Air Force, is behind them.

* * *

You will remember those illustrations of Grimm and Hans Andersen—the little men in green shooting costumes with feathers in their hats and the peasants in gay finery, and the houses made of pine logs with painted shutters. Well, that

world exists quite untouched in the High Tatra, as the tallest part of the Carpathians is called. If you want to see the villages at their best go on Sunday when the elaboration of the women's costumes is gorgeous and the men wear embroidered felt trousers and, like the women, head-dresses which show whether they are married or not. You reach this mythical world very soon if you leave the tourist track. The mountains themselves are only a size smaller than the Alps. At the main centres the State provides admirable hotels, from the very cheapest for hiking parties to the usual "cure" hotels for the rich, as well as excellent sanatoriums and children's holiday homes. The mountain which towers over Tatranska Lominca is said to provide unique opportunities for the study of sun and air conditions and a great climatological laboratory is to be set up on its summit and another rather lower down for the study of radiology. But you don't need to be either a scientist or a hypochondriac to enjoy this country. Afterwards, if you want a sudden change, do as I did and descend to Zlin—where Bata elected to build his immense shoe factory.

* * *

Bata's is modelled on Fords, rivals Detroit in size and outdetroits Detroit in paternalism. It produces shoes and tyres of very decent quality at surprisingly cheap rates. Everyone works a five-day week and good wages may be earned. The whole place is perfectly clean and modern. Everything is provided for everybody, sports and athletics, cinemas, loudspeakers every few hundred yards, and all the paraphernalia of contemporary recreation. The speed in the factories is immense. I stood fascinated watching one girl desperately trying to catch up with the moving belt. I gather that if she is found making love to a man who is not her husband, she and he will be hauled up, asked if they are going to marry and dismissed if they are not. You are sacked on the spot if you smoke near the factories during working hours. You are medically examined at regular intervals and if anything is seriously wrong you are put into an up-to-date hospital at a reasonable charge. You are provided with a small and probably comfortable house which is exactly like all the thousands of other houses which are built at precisely the same distances from each other over the hillside. As a result of some criticisms of the architecture it is now announced that well-known architects, including Corbusier, are about to descend on Zlin to give their advice on future building. I asked if there was a large turnover of labour and if the workers had any political opinions. I was told that no worker ever expresses any political opinion except at election times. This, I understand, means that all those who expressed wrong opinions, have long since left the works. The labour turn-over used to be large and is now small. The large unemployment figures in Czechoslovakia may account for the change. It is obviously better to work at Bata's even for a long time than to have no work. I was excellently entertained and was grateful for a last proof that the Brave New World has really arrived when, in order to save me a long cross-country railway journey, the directors of Bata very kindly put one of their air fleet at my disposal and deposited me at my destination in twenty minutes.

* * *

To the next generation, I suppose, flying will be as everyday an affair as motoring is to us. To me it is still an adventure. I take to the air, as I did coming home from Prague on Saturday, not so much because it is quick and avoids the Customs and the whole bother of a sea-voyage, but because I still get by flying a thrill which I obtain in no other way. Partly it is just the fulfilment of childish dreams. The magic carpet fairy-tale realised. As a small boy I used to stretch out my arms and run down the Welsh hills in an effort to capture the sensation of flying, and I found a nearer approximation to it later in free-wheeling downhill on a bicycle. Now that I know the reality I never get tired of it, and I am quite willing to put up with a certain amount of unpleasant bumping in air-pockets, such as one always seems to get on the flight across Germany, for the sake of the astonishing emotion involved in getting above the clouds. I never know which is the more exciting—the sensation of taking off and watching the world turn into a map, or the return to earth when you bank steeply and the world suddenly jumps up at you at right-angles. The best thing of all is when you fly above a floor of white clouds which pile themselves up in astonishing shapes, completely shutting out the ludicrously little world of pigmies in which men have jealousies and nationalities and diseases and accomplishments and sins.

* * *

Nazidom shows itself even in the civil aerodromes. At Leipzig and Cologne, where we called merely for petrol and passengers, the authorities solemnly took out of the plane all the luggage, though it was not destined for Germany at all, wheeled it into the Customs House and left it there for twenty minutes till it was time for us to go on. It was then carefully replaced. We, meanwhile, though we were not travelling in Germany and had no chance of spending money there, were put through an examination in the amount of currency of all different descriptions which we were carrying with us. We were given a receipted form to carry to the next aerodrome. In what way we were supposed to be able to acquire forbidden Reichsmarks in the air between Leipzig and Cologne I am not sure. Now that Imperial Airways have this daily service from London to Prague and Budapest, is there nothing they can do to persuade the Nazi authorities to forgo this futile display?

* * *

I left England in the middle of the Jubilee celebrations. I returned to find Londoners bathed in sunshine and naturally rejoicing that they are more prosperous than other men. Picking up the *Observer* I read a review by Mr. Basil de Selincourt who began with this magnificent declaration of faith:

> Both these books appeared several weeks ago and might be said to belong to a different epoch from that in which we are now living. They are pre-Jubilee books. . . .

The problems of civilisation changed in Mr. de Selincourt's view, at least as far as England is concerned, with the Jubilee. The rest of the world may be crumbling, but this country's troubles ended on May 6th. I wish that I, too, could deceive myself into thinking that Great Britain is not part of Europe.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. George Kamm.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"There is a dancing academy at the bottom of my garden and a group of young ladies dressed in loin cloths up the trees. That is not very nice."

This was the reason put forward by an Enfield 'bus conductor before the North Middlesex Assessment Committee yesterday for a reduction in his rates assessment.

The committee decided to reduce the assessment by £1.—*Daily Telegraph.*

If Mr. Lupton—or anyone—wants further proof, let him see the *Evening News* notice of the Ideal Home Exhibition in their issue of 8th April, 1934, and he may be surprised to find that a Bull-dog weighing over 60 lbs., named "Barley Boy of Putney," *astonished an audience by leaping time after time, a height of 4ft. 6in. into and out of his kennel.*

One might as well try to oust the lion and unicorn from favour as to dislodge from his eminent position the British Bull-dog, which I maintain still typifies the *British Spirit.*—Letter in *Saturday Review.*

Red-haired people are poor at history, according to an Oxford History Examiner.—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

MASS THOUGHTS AND THE WEATHER

Your article under the above heading makes me wonder how the meteorologists account for the lovely fine weather we had every day for the King's Jubilee festivities—so immediately following a most dismal beginning of May (when visions of war seemed to be hovering

over Europe). Now, again, depression has set in, the world is overwhelmed by disasters by road, rail, air, and sea. Each day I dread to open my paper and read of the horrors of daily occurrence. Do the minds of the mass of mankind influence the weather, as has been suggested? I am lost in conjecture.—Letter in the *Morning Post*.

OVERCROWDING IN
MAYFAIR
WORSE THAN WORKERS
—*Daily Telegraph*.

The value of press advertising was emphasised by the speakers at the Advertising Association Convention at Torquay yesterday, and the Government was urged to make known to the public through the press its plans for permanent prosperity.—*Times*.

While on a train between Dullatur and Castlecary, looking out of the carriage window and enjoying the scenery, I was suddenly confronted with the sight of two nudists lying face downwards on the grass. Evidently they had been enjoying the sun, and their Paradise had been disturbed by the arrival of the excursion train. They had thrown themselves flat on their faces.

A lady shared the compartment with me, and she also saw this strange sight. She said indignantly that what should be done with such people was to march them up and down Sauchiehall Street just to see how they liked it.

This punishment appealed to me as very suitable. I am sure there must be thousands of honest Glesca folk dying to see what nudists look like in their uniforms, just as I did before accident satisfied my curiosity. What do others think?—Letter in *Glasgow Evening News*.

I am told by Dr. J. M. Bulloch, whose erudition explores the byways as well as the highways of history, that Lord Poulett's marriage to Oriel Ross marks the bicentenary of the first marriage of a peer to an actress.—*Daily Sketch*.

Emotional brides, who may shed a few tears in the vestry, have their eyelashes dyed a day or so before the ceremony, since the importance of the eyelash over the down-dropped eyes as the bride goes up the aisle is obvious.—*Daily Telegraph*.

PSYCHOLOGY IN RETREAT

ONE of the events of the academic year in London has been a visit from Professor McDougall, who recently delivered a course of three lectures in University College on the present condition of psychology. An audience of some seven or eight hundred people sufficiently testified to the reputation of the lecturer and the interest of the subject. McDougall is the doyen of English psychologists. He was a distinguished teacher in pre-war Oxford, and numbered many of the best-known contemporary psychologists in this country among his pupils. In *An Introduction to Social Psychology*, in *Body and Mind*, and in a little volume in the Home University Library entitled *Psychology*, he had already before the war announced the fundamental ideas of what came subsequently to be called "the hormic psychology," and his books have been more widely read than those of any other English writer on the subject.

In the light of this record, the content of the lectures was sufficiently startling. Psychology, the audience was led to believe, had reached a dead end. If it was to advance, it must start again and start afresh. In place of the agreed body of knowledge which it should be the object of a science to build up, psychology could offer only the theories of rival schools, which differing in their subject matter, their approach and their conclusions, supplied the place of knowledge by converting their conjectures into dogmas. True in their degree of all psychologists, these strictures were applied with particular severity to the psycho-analysts. Having warmed up with a reference to Adler as the inspired announcer of dogmatisms "without a shred of scientific evidence"—I am quoting from memory—"to back them," McDougall proceeded to develop a frontal attack upon Freud. Freud, he hinted, is not in any accepted sense of the word, a psychologist at all. He is a therapeutist of genius, who, carried forward by the impetus of his successful practical work, has at various times advanced a number of different conceptions of human nature, each of which seemed best fitted to explain the phenomena which, at the particular time in question, had been observed. In due course fresh phenomena were observed to which the explanation failed to apply. The war, for example, produced a whole crop of neuroses which entirely failed to fit in with the existing Freudian formulae, while the researches of anthropologists produced evidence of behaviour in primitive communities which was no less unamenable. Inundated by these floods of unassimilable facts, Freud has adopted one or other of two courses. He has either introduced new mysteries to patch up weak spots in the old doctrines, or he has simply discarded the old doctrines. For example, Freud at one time presented us with a sexual instinct and an ego instinct. About the latter very little was said, about the former very much. More recently there has appeared an aggressive instinct which is admitted to be different from both, and shows signs of being the forerunner of a whole outfit of separate innate human propensities. There used, again, to be a simple division of the human personality into unconscious and conscious. This, without being officially abandoned, was subsequently superseded by a three-fold division into ego, super ego and id. Later still the id was expanded to include the super ego and the ego, and is now apparently commensurable with the mind *tout court*. So extended, it has lost all the peculiar significance which led to its being separately affirmed. Celebrated characters in the Freudian play, the censor, the death instinct, even the Oedipus complex, have simply disappeared from the stage.

That a man should change his mind is understandable enough, but the Freudian changes are of the nature of religious heresies, rather than of modifications of an academic theory. Freud has insisted with a passionate conviction upon the truth of concepts which have been received by Freudians with the piety proper to a new revelation. It is, to say the least of it, a little disconcerting to find these old-established favourites quietly dropped as incompatible newcomers are introduced with not a word said about either the dropping or the incompatibility. Moreover, the Freudian changes have been in the nature of retractions rather than of developments. Freud's doctrines have become progressively less spectacular and more commonplace; in so doing, they have approximated more closely to the teaching of other psychologists. For example, McDougall himself was insisting before the war in his *An Introduction to Social Psychology* that the fundamental principle of human nature was a hormic drive, which expressed itself in tendencies to act in various ways. From this hormic drive, Freud's libido in its latest form has become almost indistinguishable, while with the dropping of its more sensational features the formidable Freudian unconscious has subsided into the innocuous avowal that the springs of at least some of our actions lie outside conscious control. Thus, McDougall hinted, Freud's development has culminated in little more than the assertion of what he, McDougall, could always have told him.

It is difficult to deny the justice of McDougall's criticism. One of the great difficulties of psycho-analytic theory has been that the assertion of the unconscious committed its sponsors to a fundamentally unscientific conception. For the unconscious, admittedly, was not directly known. If it were, it would not be unconscious but conscious. Its existence, therefore, could only be inferred from events happening in consciousness. In the circumstances, inference turned out to be not very different from guesswork, and the unconscious became a rag bag for pet theories and a fruitful breeding ground of myths, myths which only too readily crystallised into dogmas. In Freud's case, it must be admitted, the myths have succeeded one another too rapidly to allow much time for the process of crystallisation. But, however creditable to the fertility of his invention and the honesty of his purpose, the rapidity of the Freudian changes has bewildered his disciples, who, instead of interpreting a growing body of living doctrine, have been for the most part engaged in embalming

a series of mummies. Some of the mummies, for example, the Oedipus complex and the censor, are highly distinguished, but they are dead for all that, and are unlikely to be taken down from the Freudian shelf to which they have been relegated.

But McDougall was not content to impugn the claims of psycho-analysis. What of his contention that psychology tself has reached a dead end? There is one place in England where psychology has never been taken seriously. Lawfully wedded to philosophy, Oxford has always regarded psychology with a mixture of condescension and disparagement. Either, it was said, psychology told us what we did not want to know, or it invented a special terminology for telling us in technical terms what we knew already. In this atmosphere of philosophic superiority, psychology could not thrive. It is no accident that McDougall, the most brilliant exponent of the young science, left Oxford and found, first at Harvard and then at Duke University, a psychological home in the more congenial atmosphere of the United States, where it is still believed that psychology confers a knowledge of human nature which, by enabling the purveyor of commodities to mislead people as to the nature of their wants, will increase efficiency in salesmanship.

Yet it is permissible to ask whether the estimate of the Oxford philosophers has not been largely justified by the result. To dismiss so young a science because it produces no agreed body of conclusions is no doubt unfair. But we are at least entitled to demand that it should have something to show for itself in the way of facts. What facts has psychology discovered? There are facts of the after image type. We know that, if we look at a coloured spot for twenty seconds and then direct our eyes upon a plain grey background, we shall see a spot on the background of a colour which is different from that of the original spot, and we know what the colour will be. Such facts may, I think, justly be included under the description of "telling us what we do not want to know." Again, there are facts of the type that people who can be pronounced after prolonged intelligence tests to have a low intelligence quotient, will not acquit themselves with credit in the professions or in posts of responsibility, or that, if an overseer with certain definable psychological characteristics is appointed in a factory, an abnormally high proportion of the employees will be absent owing to illness. Now these, with a possible reservation in favour of the second, fall into the category of "things we knew already."

On the theoretical side there is a general recognition of the fact that part of our mental life is inaccessible to consciousness, at least by ordinary methods, and it would be generally agreed that when we travel beyond the confines of consciousness it is necessary to think of what is going on in psychological rather than in physiological terms. It is difficult, for example, to interpret an unconscious motive in terms of nerve currents. Finally, many psychologists would agree that this inaccessible part of our mental life is fundamentally instinctive in character and may be described as a drive to act in certain ways, that this drive is purposive, and seeks, through the elaborate machinery of consciousness those ends which will bring it instinctive satisfaction. There is, in fact, a head of steam somewhere inside us and reason and will are the engines which it sets working. To these conclusions many, perhaps most, psychologists would agree. Yet they are philosophical rather than scientific in character. They are not, that is to say, experimentally verifiable. Nor are we able to calculate the results which will follow from the assumption that they are true. This failure to be scientific is not, in my view, accidental. If the mind is free in any of the senses in which freedom has been claimed for it, some mental events must be uncaused. To say that they are uncaused is to say that science can give no account of them, since the essence of a scientific account is the specification of causes and the prediction of effects. Strictly, then, there can be no science of mind in the sense in which there can be a science of matter, and it is not to the psychologist seeking to be scientific, but to the great novelist or to the philosopher that we must look for insight into the workings of human nature. It is on this view no accident that, when psychology does succeed in obtaining knowledge which is both certain and agreed, it should be knowledge of the workings not of the mind but of the body. A possible inference is that of the Behaviourist—there is no mind worth speaking of. Another is that of the Oxford philosophers—a science of mind is not really practicable.

C. E. M. JOAD

UP AND UP OR DOWN AND DOWN

THE globe-trotter has a bad reputation as a political or social observer; people have become justly suspicious of the man who swallows and digests Soviet Russia in three weeks or India in five. Yet if, travelling for pleasure in a motor-car, you keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth on occasions judiciously shut, if you avoid politicians, distinguished persons, and journalists, if you talk to ordinary men and women going about their ordinary business or pleasures, you may get a bird's-eye view of a social or political situation which has interest or even value. This is particularly true of countries governed by dictators. You cannot be 24 hours in a totalitarian or fascist state without realising that there is a psychological relationship between the rulers and the ruled which does not exist—except in war time—in democratic countries. You might live for six months to-day in England, if you did not read the papers, without knowing who was Prime Minister and without ever thinking about the State or the Government. In Germany or Italy the Government, the Duce or the Führer, is always at you, shouting encouragement to you through loud speakers in the streets, Heil Hitlering you at every corner, waving flags in your face which tell you that the Jews are the enemies of the State, Vivaing Mussolini on walls or hoardings, marching eternal procession of blackshirts or brown shirts, veterans of the Great War, or the March on Rome, working men, students, and children. This peculiar psychological relationship between the rulers and the ruled is largely one of excitement; the object of the Government appears to be to keep its subjects in a state of excitement or enthusiasm. Now the casual traveller who moves about among the people with his eyes and ears open is in a very good position for observing the ups and downs of this relationship. The prepositions are so important that they have crept into the title of our article. Excitement or enthusiasm is, like the currencies, not easy to stabilise; it tends either to go up and up and up or down and down and down. The dictator relies on enthusiasm and he must therefore try to keep it perpetually rising. A Sisyphean task! The traveller in Germany and Italy to-day may learn a good deal about the ups and downs of popular excitement.

Two years ago I spent a month in Italy; I have just returned from a month's driving in Germany and Italy. Germany seems to me to be psychologically precisely where Italy was two years ago. In 1933 in Siena the thermometer of excitement was pretty high, but the mercury was still going up and up and up. The streets seethed with excitement when the news of an Italian victory in a bicycle race or the feat of an Italian airman was blared forth from a loud speaker. A patriotic message from Mussolini thrown on the screen in a cinema was greeted with a roar of cheers. The processions of infants carrying rifles or of their elders in mediaeval costume always evoked at the least a hum of approval. Every one—except the peasants—assured you that things were much better in Italy than they had been. Citizens of the more sober democracies felt the atmosphere to be a little hectic and hysterical, but there could be no doubt that the excitement was going up and up and up.

When in May of this year I drove from the sober Holland through Cologne into Bonn, I was back again in the psychological atmosphere of Italy in 1933. It was the Minister-President Göring entering the town of Bonn instead of Binda winning a bicycle race. But the excitement was the same. The flags were there and the brass bands, the tiny children marching in their brown shirts instead of black shirts, the processions

of Nazis instead of Fascists, the excited policeman stopping the traffic, and the hotel-keeper telling one in German instead of Italian that things were much better now than they had been a few years back. It is up and up and up to-day in Germany. But when I crossed the Brenner and dropped down to Verona, I was amazed to find that something had happened in the last two years in Italy. The psychological atmosphere was entirely different. The thermometer was definitely going down. Wherever one went, whether to Verona or Arezzo or Rome, the ordinary man in the street seemed now to be impervious to State or Governmental excitement. His enthusiasm for bicycle races, airmen, processions, military bands, even the Duce has evaporated. To judge from the reaction of a cinema audience, Abyssinia leaves him cold; in Rome a tremendously patriotic message from Mussolini thrown on the screen in one of the largest cinemas was read in complete silence. Yet to the casual traveller Italy externally gives one the impression of a country already at war. There are soldiers everywhere, marching, marching, marching. I never heard a single word of patriotic enthusiasm or even approval. I watched the inhabitants of many different towns silently watching the marching troops, and looking at some of the officers I hardly wondered at the silence, for if I had been an Italian, I think I should have said of some of those officers what the Duke of Wellington, after a review, said of his troops: "I don't know what effect they will have on the enemy, but, by God, gentlemen, they make *me* afraid." Another "war scene" remains in my memory. Walking through Modena, I happened to pass the barracks when they were posting up outside the lists of men called up. There was a small crowd of women craning forward to read the names and one at least of them burst into tears.

Comparing the Italy of 1933 with that of 1935, my feeling is that the dictatorship is already cracking on the surface, whatever may be its condition underneath. The veneer of efficiency which existed two years ago has disappeared and the ordinary man has lost hope and no longer makes any attempt to keep up appearances. In the ordinary affairs of everyday life for the traveller Italy now is just as hopelessly incompetent as it was in 1913. Taps do not turn on or if they do cannot be turned off. It was the same really in 1933, but then it was up and up and up and so the hotel-keeper always had an excuse and an apology. Now that it is down and down and down no one troubles to find an excuse or apology. To-day no one in Italy tells you, as they did in 1933 continually, that all Italian roads are good or even that the trains are punctual. In 1933 the law against bargaining was kept; to-day bargaining has re-established itself as the custom of the country. In 1933 I never heard anyone except a peasant criticise the regime and in casual conversation people were careful to keep off politics. This year in Verona an Italian who began to talk to me in a church said that Italy was so politically unsettled that foreigners naturally did not like to come to the country. I do not believe that he would have dared to say that, even if he had thought it, to a stranger, two years ago.

Mussolini has performed one—and I think only one—remarkable administrative feat in Italy. He has abolished the hooting of motor horns in Rome and has thus transformed the noisiest and most beautiful of the great European cities into the most quiet and beautiful of them all. Anyone with experience of the Italian motorist's passion for sounding his horn on every conceivable and inconceivable occasion will agree that this is a remarkable achievement. One must give praise where praise is due. But the silencing of Roman motor horns is not by itself sufficient for an administration which has also silenced all criticism and opposition, the truth and free speech, everything in fact but its own flamboyant announcements, and which stakes its existence upon the perpetual excitement and enthusiasm of its blinkered, deafened, and dumb subjects. On May 24th in the little town of Orbetello which was celebrating without enthusiasm a Government-imposed anniversary of the Fascist regime I realised most clearly that Italy has reached the crisis which eventually must overtake every dictatorship. You cannot stabilise excitement and irrational enthusiasm, and the upper ends of thermometers are not infinite. There is a limit to the number of times that a man can shout "Viva Il Duce" or "Heil Hitler" with increasing enthusiasm, and when the enthusiasm ceases to go up, it inevitably begins to go down. In Italy it is going down with considerable rapidity. And when that moment of crisis comes in the life of a dictator, he has to look about for something which will make the thermometer begin to go up again. The most obvious something is war, war the greatest caldron of national excitement and herd enthusiasm. Mussolini's thoughts have naturally turned to Abyssinia, and if it had not been Abyssinia, it would have been some other war. For the moment must inevitably come to every dictator, whether he be a Mussolini or a Hitler, when he is faced by the emotional deflation of his subjects and his only chance of reinflating them and himself is by war. A. C.

THE HARDENED BRAT

I MET a little cottage brat,
Her petticoat was red.
She had some contradiction flat
For everything I said.

I took the tombstone next to her,
She gave a dirty grin
And stirred her little porringer
That had no porridge in.

I told her that I had been sent
To teach the unemployed
The blessings of this Government . . .
She only seemed annoyed.

I said: "We keep food prices high
And subsidise the land,
Lest it should chance the food supply
Might equal the demand."

Of levies on imported meat
I then began to speak.
She said: "We live and dress and eat
On one pound eight per week."

I asked: "How many may you be
That gratis we maintain?"
She answered: "Ma and Pa and me,
Since we lost John and Jane."

Our recent budgetary gain
I next enlarged upon.
She said: "You're sitting down on Jane,
I'm sitting down on John."

I said: "Our records we affix
To hoardings in the town."
She said: "John died at three-and-six
And Jane at half-a-crown." *

I praised our charity about
The means test and the cuts.
She said: "Young John and Jane passed out
Because they'd got no guts.

"And furthermore, till Pa is dead,
He'll never get a job.
But if I die for it," she said,
"I'll live to fifteen bob!" †

I left the tombstone next to her,
She gave a dirty grin
And stirred her little porringer
That had no porridge in. SAGITTARIUS

* The brat was slightly in error. Jane's allowance from the Unemployment Assistance Board would have been 3/-.

† A single woman over 21 years of age receives 15/- a week as Unemployment Insurance benefit.

Correspondence

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—I agree with every word in Prof. Tawney's letter. But isn't there a corollary to it—with regard to the House of Lords? As long as that House exists, he says, the Labour Party must have members in it. I believe that constitutionally a Labour Government must have a certain number of Secretaries or Under-Secretaries of State there. But I have never understood why the Party and Labour Peers should play the Tories' game by treating the House of Lords seriously and taking part in its farcical debates. For over 100 years it has been purely a partisan and party House, a part of the Tory political machine. When a Tory or "National" Government is in office, it goes out of business, except as a rubber stamp; when the Tories are in opposition, it vetoes or destroys all the Government's major measures.

A Labour Government should refuse to take part in this political farce. Its Bills should be introduced with a first reading speech which should always be the same, namely, that as their Tory Lordships had already made up their party minds, it would be a waste of time to intrude in their debates. No Labour Peer should ever say anything else there. As long as the House of Lords exists as a part of the Tory machine, the Labour Government should continue the Tory Lord Chancellor (without, of course, a seat in the Cabinet) in office; if he refused, they should appoint a hack Tory lawyer to sit on the Woolsack during the sittings of the Upper House.

LEONARD WOOLF

52 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

SIR,—So seldom do I disagree with Mr. Tawney, whom I deeply respect as one of the greatest and sincerest teachers of our day, that I hope I will not be misunderstood in attempting to introduce a little perspective into the picture of Labour men angling for honours which he has so luridly drawn in your columns.

Mr. Tawney has blurred the objectives of our movement. Surely our quarrel is not with titles as such, but with the bestowal of honours for reasons other than service. In particular, we have a deep-seated quarrel with the hereditary transmission of titles and with their (direct or indirect) purchase. These evils deserve all the biting sarcasm of Mr. Tawney's letter. But in titles as such I confess I cannot see anything particularly nauseating; and if Mr. Tawney continues to hold his nose I must ask him to be consistent and beg his associates not to call him "Mr.," for "Mr. R. H. Tawney" is as truly titled a person as "Sir Charles Edwards," and so would be Dr., Professor or even Comrade Tawney. I am of opinion that most active members of the Labour movement would be well advised not to accept honours, for it is essential not only that their conduct be free from self-seeking, but that it should give the appearance of being free from self-seeking. But the acceptance of a knighthood by a Labour M.P. towards the close of a long and honoured career, and after four exacting years in which it has fallen largely to him to hold together His Majesty's Opposition, is beyond reproach. A knighthood, let it be remembered, does not raise such difficult questions as would a baronetcy or a peerage. In any case, this is a question for the individual and his Sovereign, not the Labour Party Conference. Does Mr. Tawney want to be represented in Parliament by automata?

The question at stake is wider than the acceptance of titles. There can be little doubt that the ordinary, unsophisticated human being would be reluctant to see the disappearance of those gradations of honour which are imperfectly expressed by titles. Mr. Tawney is fighting against human nature, and the example of the United States and Russia (where "Commissar Boris" has supplanted the "Archduke Alexandrovitch") should have convinced us, *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*. Objection to titles as such adds weight to the criticism that the Labour Party wishes to take all the colour out of life. It is unfortunate that so many pioneers in the British Labour movement have been ineradicably Puritan, for the people of this country are determined to have their cakes and ale. Objections to titles as such is worse, for it appears to the great mass of the people in this country as a fad, and the Labour Party has suffered heavily for the faddists who have attached themselves to it—vegetarians, nudists, free-lovers, theosophists and People-who-can't-Stand-Titles.

Seeing no harm in titles given for a life of service, but a great evil in their hereditary transmission, I suggest that titles should remain, but that they should be divorced from the hereditary principle. The three chief peerages of the realm outside the Blood Royal are the Archbishopric of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellorship (I am aware that the Lord Chancellor need not be a peer) and the Archbishopric of York. These are, in theory at least, given not for birth but to the persons best qualified to hold them. Why should not this principle be extended to every rank in the peerage? All "the glory of an honoured name" could then be retained without the danger that it would pass to some "worthless scion."

If we are not prepared to make a sensible reform in this direction, let us leave the question alone and not take up an attitude which stamps us as cranks and diverts us from our main business, which, as Mr. Tawney has himself done so much to teach, is the equitable distribution of wealth.

IVOR THOMAS

16A John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

"WE SPEAK FOR THE SILENT"

SIR,—May I reply to Dimias' interesting letter in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION? He asks whether the Howard League has any plan (*a*) by which nations not members of the League of Nations could benefit by the establishment of an international penal code, (*b*) by which such a code could be made genuinely operative in nations accepting it.

In answer to (*a*), we look to the League of Nations for the establishment of a Convention embodying a standard minimum on the lines of the Standard Minimum Rules drawn up by the International Penal and Penitentiary Commission. But this need not exclude the U.S.A., Germany, Japan and other States outside the League, as constitutionally it is possible for non-member States to adhere to League Conventions, even as the U.S.A. participates in the work of the I.L.O.

(*b*) The problem of securing enforcement of the minimum is far more formidable. We in the Howard League would be the last to make light of the difficulties, and I doubt whether the most optimistic of us expect to see anything approaching complete enforcement immediately after the acceptance of a Convention even in States-members of the League. In a Convention, the States solemnly undertake to observe certain conditions and the problem is not to force them to obey a law, but to persuade and stimulate them to keep a promise. Inspection is out of the question at this stage (and perhaps at any stage) for the nations would be quick to resent any suggestion of interference in this field, and the minimum cannot be "enforced" by the means which a government uses to enforce laws and regulations made in its own country. In this, as in other spheres, the League of Nations' sanction is the sanction not of force but of public opinion, expressed at Geneva through the Assembly, the Commission and the international press.

We are convinced that our policy of working for a League of Nations Convention on Penal Administration laying down certain minimum conditions will have practical effect in improving the lot of the prisoner, because:

(1) It is the first step towards securing a common mind among decent people on this subject;

(2) It provides the beginnings of international machinery which can be used by those who, in each country, desire to humanise and rationalise the treatment of lawbreakers;

(3) It would almost certainly lead to the establishment of a League Commission to operate the Convention and receive and publish reports on the extent to which it was accepted in principle and applied in practice;

(4) It would strengthen the hands of penal reformers in their own countries *vis-à-vis* their governments whenever their prison conditions were shown to fall below the international standard minimum.

I would repeat that the machinery will not work itself. The driving force is public opinion, and only in free communities can it achieve its greatest momentum. But even in the modern dictatorships—Italy, Germany, Russia—which appear to care little for public opinion, it would have its effect; for not even the most powerful, fanatical, totalitarian State can afford to flout the public opinion of its neighbours permanently. I believe that the Howard League's activities at Geneva, and all other expressions of public protest against cruelties, have done something, however little, to mitigate some of the cruelties. If that opinion were expressed corporately and officially through the channels of the League, how much more powerful it would be than it is at present, articulated sporadically through the protests of individuals or societies and groups like our own.

Apart from all this, I am convinced that the mere reaffirmation

as a principle and a policy (at Geneva, in our press and on the platforms) that lawbreakers, whether political or criminal, the people most feared and least cared for by every community, have nevertheless certain rights even against the community, is in itself of vital importance. Creeds may have saving grace in days of doubt and uncertainty, and the simple assertion, in the name of justice and humanity, of the elementary rights of prisoners comes near to touching the bedrock problem of community life in a time when liberty is trodden under foot. CICELY M. CRAVEN,

The Howard League for Penal Reform, Hon. Secretary.
Parliament Mansions, Orchard Street,
Victoria Street, S.W.1.

THE NAVAL AGREEMENT

SIR,—When I wrote the letter which appeared in your last issue it had not been revealed to us (or to our late Allies) that the German 35 per cent. was subject to the important proviso that Germany was conceded much more than that in submarines. The enormity of the submarine arrangement has apparently dumbfounded many observers. The public is indebted to you and to Mr. Garvin for the frank public comment that is needed.

May I recall a little history? On April 23, 1917, I had the melancholy duty of explaining at length to the War Cabinet the grave results of the German submarine blockade, which had at that date made such progress that in the then preceding twenty-two days we had lost 600,000 tons of shipping, sunk or damaged! A gloomy discussion of 2½ hours followed, and it was for the first time realised that the nation was in sight of defeat. That defeat was narrowly averted because we had an ally in the richest nation in the world, whose supplies were made available by a doubly protected Atlantic Concentration of Shipping. There is no guarantee, of course, that such a scheme would be again practicable.

The submarine blockade nearly succeeded although Germany entered the war in 1914 with only some twenty-five submarines available for duty.

The new Anglo-German agreement concedes to Germany her demand for 100 per cent. of the submarine strength of the British Empire, but Germany agrees for the present to limit her actual building to 45 per cent. She began that building before the agreement was signed, for she is in a hurry.

The 45 per cent. means that she can build 20,000 tons of submarines. This tonnage, whether expressed in U-boats great or small, *gives Germany a very much greater submarine strength than she possessed in* 1914. The conditions in which the 45 per cent. may be increased to 100 per cent. are very vaguely expressed. I confess that, as one who had to live day by day with the brutal facts that unfolded themselves in 1917, I am staggered by the terms of the apologia offered by the Admiralty.

Never yet have our people realised the submarine danger of 1917; if they realised it now there would be an outcry against the selling of the narrow seas. The remains of 15,000 British merchant seamen, murdered in the war, line the bottoms of those seas. We forget them at our own deserved peril.

I ask leave to add a few words on two other points.

The Air. The public is being deceived by vague talk about so many or so few fighting planes. The truth is that aeroplanes can be rapidly built and that, apart from personnel, *air strength is one with specialised engineering strength.* The life of a fighting plane in war is so brief, fifty days or so, that it is engineering strength that counts. That is why Hitler was able to surprise our National Government by coolly telling them, in a little (and so successful) lecture at Berlin, that already Germany was well ahead. Air strength can be concealed; nothing is simpler.

Then as to the naval 35 per cent. The term is most misleading, for the German ships being new and, we may be sure, as ingenious as the 10,000 ton pocket-battleship, will be virtually equal to much more than 35 per cent. unless we rebuild our 100 per cent. So with France, and if France rebuilds, as I should do if I were France, Italy must follow. Shades of Disarmament!

Royal Societies Club. LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—It was kind of Mr. Henderson to dismiss my views of Bedales ("delusions," he called them) as the result of "youthful inexperience" and "emotional confusion," not to mention his reference to myself earlier on as "impressionable and precocious." True though all this may be, it is hardly an adequate answer to criticism. Moreover, I can't help feeling that it is scarcely appropriate for Mr. Henderson, who has been a master at Bedales for less than a year, to assume a prerogative of wisdom and experience in this matter.

The fact remains that a large number of pupils at co-educational schools resent the frequent interference of the authorities in their friendships with members of the opposite sex. As Editor of *Out of Bounds* I have talked with a large number of such pupils, and do not say this only from my own very short experience of co-education. Let me quote the following from an article by a girl at Bedales in the current number of *Out of Bounds*:

> The girls are encouraged to appear well-dressed; they are rebuked if they do not. But let them wave their hair or powder their noses, and the authorities are down on them at once. Even unduly encouraged up to a point, they are authoritatively trodden down halfway. There is this halfway attitude about all co-education which curtails itself from fully realising its principles. But this is not all. Why does it really fail? It is trying to assert a "natural relationship" between the pupils which never has nor ever will exist in the entirety which it expects.

In fairness I should add that an article in the same issue immediately following this directly attacks this attitude. But that it is held to a considerable degree cannot be denied.

When Mr. Henderson speaks of ". . . channels of expression, which in the public school are blocked up by those single-sexed fixations, which Romilly, because of their deepness, seems to prefer," I cannot help feeling that he has deliberately and maliciously misunderstood me. I thought (whatever my criticisms) I had made it clear that I considered co-education not only a much better, but a far more agreeable system than that of the ordinary public school, i.e., from my own experience, that I preferred Bedales to Wellington.

Lastly, I don't think Mr. Henderson's remark that "possibly the author believes that all 'intellectuals' must be Communists" requires any answer. And I am sure that nobody, except Mr. Henderson, gained that impression from my book.

42 Cambridge Street, W.2. ESMOND ROMILLY

SIR,—May I say how heartily I agree with Messrs. P. W. Stuart and W. G. Rookes in their defence of Public Schools? It is less than three years since I left one of our Public Schools, and I have enough vivid recollections of the life to be able to refute some of Mr. Raymond Mortimer's dogmatic and apparently second-hand asseverations. To the average prefect beating is not a "demoralising privilege," but an unpleasant responsibility which is as good for him as for the smaller boy. He has to use his best judgment upon the application of the punishment in each case, and to reflect seriously upon the results of his action on others.

In my experience the smaller boys never thought about the possibility of being beaten for more than five seconds; but if they did they would far rather be beaten by a master, who was by the nature of things in more remote authority, and from whom a beating would be invested in a certain glamour, than by a prefect, with whom they were in intimate contact, and who was able to appreciate the weakness of their position better and penetrate their armour more effectively. That, I submit, is an argument for, not against, beating by prefects. The actual physical pain of a beating was in any case of far less moment than the whole massed effect of the situation culminating in the cane. It was the fact that the prefect, or prefects, themselves were actually participating in the beating which helped to fix the occasion in the delinquent's mind and induced him to see the error of his ways. He felt that the prefects thought the matter serious enough to act in it themselves, whereas he was liable to look upon an imposition as an effortless and easy gesture of disapproval on the part of authority. MICHAEL C. T. REILLY

57 Hilldrop Road, N.7.

SIR,—Messrs. Stuart and Rookes (are they schoolmasters or prefects?) appear seriously annoyed with Mr. Mortimer's criticism of the always rather doubtful and dangerous practice of allowing inexperienced youths to flog other adolescents. Why does criticism of a form of punishment which consists in violently stimulating the area of the hips and buttocks make so many people grow almost unreasonably irritable? Would your two correspondents have been equally angry if Mr. Mortimer had suggested the abolition of fines of pocket money or of "extra lines"? And if not, why not?

What is there about this method which creates such fervent advocacy of what is after all a somewhat out of date and grotesque practice? Is there not something itself odd—even rather sinister

in this preference for the infliction of a certain kind of physical pain in a certain area. Perhaps some psychologists will enlighten us.

We are told in the same breath that flogging is the best of deterrents and that the boys "prefer" this form of punishment to any other. But obviously these two statements are mutually contradictory.

SHERRICK LANSDEN

Wootton, Berks.

THE R.A.F. DISPLAY

SIR,—We should be grateful if you would allow us space to appeal for support on Saturday, June 29th, against the R.A.F. Display at Hendon.

This display, held in conjunction with R.A.F. training, we believe is one of the most cunning and therefore dangerous types of pro-war propaganda which the Government encourages. Children and adults are urged to attend this advertisement show arranged by the Government and aircraft manufacturers for the purpose of deluding the population into the belief that bombers, etc., are beautiful and exciting to watch, necessary but harmless. This display is just such another attempt to make people feel that preparedness for war and the retaining of such militaristic institutions as the O.T.C. are the desire of the common people. We believe, on the contrary, that it is the "cranks" who prefer to think that these things are the expression of the real nature of the civilised British people.

Especially at this critical period in international affairs do we urge your readers to work against war and in the Hendon locality to support the protest meeting with national speakers at Barnfield Road (Burnt Oak Tube Station), on Friday, June 28th, at 8 p.m., and to help with leaflet distribution on the next day, the day of the display. From those people who are in sympathy with us and are unable to take part in this anti-war propaganda, we invite contributions to the funds of the Hendon Anti-Air Display Committee, c/o 372 Deansbrook Road, Edgware, Middlesex.

LEAH MANNING ALEX. GOSSIP
IVOR MONTAGU A. FENNER BROCKWAY
ARTHUR GILLIAN J. R. CAMPBELL

MONEYLENDERS

SIR,—Your correspondent's article, "Loans to Ladies and Gentlemen," makes it quite clear that the public need to be protected against the unscrupulous moneylender, no less than against the weekly payments shark.

Apart from the Loan Office usurer, there is another type to be found in the poorer districts. This is the illegal moneylender, usually a woman, who makes life intolerable for her less fortunate neighbours, and depends entirely upon the fears of her victims to protect her from the law.

Some time ago it fell to the lot of one of my colleagues to investigate the affairs of one of these harpies, and to me to assist him. We found that she had raised her working capital by fraudulently obtaining "provident checks" and exchanging them with a local pawnbroker for lesser amounts in cash. The money thus raised she lent out among her neighbours, and it was her practice to charge five shillings for the loan of one pound for a week! Though we discovered the names of most of her clients, we were quite unable to induce them to utter a word against her. Inquiries in the neighbourhood revealed that she visited defaulters, shouting and threatening them with exposure to their husbands and even with physical violence. One harassed creature actually asked the police for protection, without, however, daring to divulge the nature of her tormentor's business. For all I know to the contrary the woman still drives her abominable trade.

Such experiences as this and those related recently in your columns force me to agree with your correspondent that methods of investigation, otherwise questionable, are fully warranted in this case. Moneylenders and credit-mongers trade on their customers' fear of the law and ignorance of their rights under it, and in my opinion there is a definite need for an organisation to which poor people in this kind of trouble, and unable to afford professional legal assistance, might appeal for advice and aid.

Such an organisation might perform a further public service by investigating doubtful business methods, and would undoubtedly, in the course of its work, build up a very impressive body of testimony with which to reinforce demands for a tightening up of the 1927 Act and for fresh legislation to deal with the particular problems created by the rapid growth of petty credit and hire purchase.

"TALLYMAN"

Miscellany

EPIPHANY OF HARLEM

GOD in his latest manifestation occurs in a Harlem side-street; he does not always show himself, but when he does he comes with quite a lot of large cars and at least one truck largely lettered: Father Divine. His church consists of two floors; the upper is tabernacle, the lower is the hall of the *Agape*. We made our way down, squeezing through a crowd packed beyond belief in staircase and passages; it was mostly negro and mostly happy; only here and there a white face, usually an elderly woman. The huge basement room was packed too—impossible to imagine what would happen if there was a fire or a panic—but here the happiness was full of tension, a deep, electric excitement ready to burst any moment into convulsions and foamings of ecstasy. On the walls were texts and pictures, all culminating in the final statement: *Father Divine is God.* But Father Divine was not only God—he was also peace, joy, wealth, success, patience, everything! His photograph-button stood in every button-hole, and he himself sat at the end of the room, the Word made solid, black flesh and clothed in a respectable suit, with a microphone in front of it.

Two long tables stood in the middle of the room, each seating fifty or more and bearing the remains of the love-feast, dirty plates, bread and fruit peelings. Every Sunday the *Agape* starts early in the morning, and goes on in relays till late at night, no one paying unless they choose to. All day there is feasting and testifying and singing, and a tremendous atmosphere of love. Never for a moment was there silence; even the rhythmic chants were broken from one minute to the next by leapings and shriekings and writhings, as the spirit took one man or woman after another. Speakers leapt, jerking, to the microphone to testify, hand clappings bursting round them, and at every phrase the testimony was acknowledged with "Thank you Father," and "Ain't it wonderful!" Again and again some girl would spring up quivering, face and breasts pointing heavenward, arms waving. Some spoke with tongues, strange throat rattlings and gurglings. Or all would break into song and swaying, led by a superb orchestra of violins and trombones, the rhythm held or syncopated by a tambourine-waving maenad in a scarlet beret. We all swayed together, but now and then someone would burst into hysterical limb tossing, or almost faint with too great an outpouring of the spirit.

And all these men and women were in a state of love. Brown girls nestled against one, turning up beautiful love-doped eyes; everywhere were smiles and greeting and equality. "Isn't Father sweet?" they cooed at one, "Isn't he wonderful?" When he himself spoke as a preacher, not, it seemed to me, very impressively, his audience were carried away by their own enthusiasm, tossing and shivering at him, their comfort, their joy, their God! Never once did he himself say he *was* God. But everyone else says it for him, so he doesn't need to. He claims that no one has ever seen him take money. Yet the love-feasts go on, and the large motor cars. . . .

He asked those who had eaten to disperse and make room for others; they left, whispering "Thank you Father," "Thinking of you, Father," and immediately others took their places and the hot soup came round in great cans of bright metal. We were carried out on the wave, and on to the upper floor, another great room, with raised seats at one end, on which we sat, and a platform at the far end under a great God-poster. Some of the texts were semi-political—Free the Scottsboro Boys, and so on. For no Negro in the States can forget *that*. In this hall, though it must have held several hundred, there was more room than below, so that those who sang—and part of the audience was singing the whole time—could dance up and down between the lines of chairs, or throw themselves about with brown bodies elastic to rebound from ecstasies. As more people came in, dancing ushers showed

them to their seats, and the singing took on a more definite rhythm :

Oh, I'm glad I've seen my Father,
Oh, I'm *glad* I've seen my Father,
Oh, I'm GLAD I've seen my Father—face to face !

It was a good simple tune ; behind us the row of men rocked and tossed and clapped hands like pistol shots. Below, a couple of very dark girls in brilliant coloured clothes and caps, both sweating with joy, danced an unconscious " lindy-hop," the great feat of Harlem dance-halls. The platform began to arrive. Father Divine's angels are sexless, and proclaim loudly their earlier temptations and present steadfastness ; men clustered to one side, women to the other. A superb woman in pink declaimed her life history with great gestures, and at last started a glorious rhythm—pure Blues, in a voice like a great bell ; as it went on she swept her arms down from the edge of the platform, as though gathering in the hall, and one after another the platform began to dance. At the end the pink woman fell on the neck of a Sister in white, beating her with love ; many of the audience did the same. In front of us a lithe white girl swayed her clasped hands in the air, her eyes set and glassy.

The Sister in white testified, but not with the same dramatic power. This time it broke up into the beautiful " Ringing in my heart." This swept the audience into dancing, while the platform swirled about, two of the men cake-walking with uplifted faces, the pink woman swinging right out of the careful sex division into the midst of the further angels. Between gusts of the rhythm, voices cried out : " Aren't you glad ! Aren't you glad ! " ; exact syncopation was carried on by tapping hands and feet.

More testimony, and then an incredibly simple song ; the only words were :

I thank you, Father, he's SO sweet,
I thank you, Father, he's SO sweet,

repeated over and over again, with a beat like an engine's. No one seemed to tire of it ; it said what they meant. All through the day the key-words were " sweet " and " wonderful," coming again and again from the audience and the testifiers, men and women alike. Sweetness and wonder were what they needed, and they were getting them. After a time we squeezed out, with the password, " Peace, brother," or " Peace, sister," repeated and answered, the smiles and eyes beaming the joy and satisfaction. It would go on all the rest of the evening, hour after hour. For all those hundreds, God had manifested himself. It was wonderful.

And then one began to wonder what would have happened if the password had been not Peace, but War. If those coloured people, men and women, instead of being respectable residents of New York, with jobs, not too desperately oppressed, had been in the South, in the old days ? Before John Brown, a negro preacher had led his fellow slaves to war and death and perhaps ecstasies. What a force this was to let loose, what a force to canalise ! For the moment, and in this one place, God has shown himself in the disguise of Father Divine. But God has many forms. NAOMI MITCHISON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballets Russes at Covent Garden

The performance of *Children's Tales* was quite unworthy of the company ; Madame Grigorieva danced the Swan Princess with embarrassing unsureness, Mr. Jasinsky was very feeble in Bova's dance with the shield, and the whole effect of the ballet—one of the best in the repertoire—was spiritless and imprecise. *Le Bal* restored our confidence in the company. Massini's new choreography is a prodigious improvement—it is, like all his work, very thoughtful and original. Some of the groupings are among the most elaborate and successful which he has ever achieved. Chirico's lovely costumes are of course a great help, but Rieti's music is unworthy of the careful translation which Massine makes of it. It was a triumph of choreography to impose such a sinister and poetic atmosphere on themes so commonplace. Toumanova danced superbly. This is a ballet which we hope to see frequently repeated. *Le Beau Danube* makes the ideal end for a programme, sending the audience away bubbling with exhilaration. Unluckily Massine is not yet dancing, and Lichine is unequal to the role of the Hussar. But his vitality and natural grace are such that, if we did not remember the magnificent precision of Massine, we should be content. He is not yet a master of his art, but one gets the same acute pleasure from watching him as one gets from the crouching and springing movements of a puma or a panther. Danilova and Riabouchinska in the same ballet danced as well as ever, but the disappearance of the two children is a loss. And, Colonel de Basil, couldn't you somehow get for the *Beau Danube* a set of chairs more appropriate to the Constantin Guys setting ?

"The Divine Spark," at the Curzon

It is very difficult to see why this was so dull and flat a picture. Quite a varied story had been made out of incidents in Bellini's life—which lent itself admirably to serious-minded, somewhat " artistic " treatment, yet contained all the right ingredients for a straightforward, romantic, popular film. Thus, though Bellini's Maddalena is affianced elsewhere by her father (" You may make me marry him, Father—but you cannot make me love him "), although they even waltz together and plan an elopement, each follows an unhappy but convincing destiny, and, when she dies, in his music she lives on. . . . The photography, moreover, was very pretty indeed, of the really enchanting Italian picture-postcard variety ; and the acting was, for the most part, tolerable. Perhaps the trouble is that they all take Bellini too seriously (the hero is the composer, not one of the painters). But he made such an excellent subject ! It certainly is exasperating. . . . The director no doubt thought that was enough. But, no, we ought to have been induced to revaluate Bellini, to feel (while the film lasted, at any rate) that he and his music and his inspiration, the lovely signorina, were immensely important and stirring. If a film can't do that and the camera, for some reason, fails to lie like a trooper, one can only aim baffled reproaches at the direction. The heat has nothing to do with it.

Simon Bussy at the Leicester Galleries

Monsieur Bussy is one of the most independent of contemporary artists. He is in actual fact a close friend of Matisse, but you might think from his pastels that he had never seen a picture by Matisse, or, for that matter, by Cézanne, Manet or even Rubens. European painters have always been concerned with representing the relationship between objects in space. The Impressionists carried realism to its furthest point by their method of representing light and local colour, which incidentally knit the objects more closely than ever with their surroundings. The Post-Impressionists forsook realism, but only in order to emphasise further the connection between the forms of their canvases. Monsieur Bussy—and this makes his singularity—paints objects in entire isolation, the air surrounding them has no motes in it : indeed one would say that they were in a vacuum, but for the fact that he usually represents birds, and birds which are very much alive. His pastels are most of them very small, and his craftsmanship is exquisite. The ornithologist will find here pictures to satisfy him entirely : the odd thing is that they should be at the same time so accurate and so much above mere naturalism. Monsieur Bussy's vision has an extraordinary purity—his birds (also his lemon and his rose) are more perfect than their earthly representatives ; they approach the Platonic ideas whose images flutter and perch about terrestrial trees. This is a most poetic and enchanting Exhibition.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 28th—
National Peace Congress, Friends House, Euston Road, 10.
" My Kingdom for a Cow," Savoy Theatre.
Contemporary Music, B.B.C., 10.15.

SATURDAY, June 29th—
Royal Air Force Display, Hendon.
Cricket : England *v.* South Africa (2nd Test Match), Lord's.
Country Folk Dance Party, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 30th—
John A. Hobson on " The Causes of War," Conway Hall, 11.
Peace Demonstration. Speeches by Canon Sheppard, Beverley Nichols, Dr. Dalton and others, Trafalgar Square, 4.

MONDAY, July 1st—
" The Brothers Karamazov," Everyman Cinema Theatre.
Sacha Guitry Season, Daly's Theatre.

TUESDAY, July 2nd—
Royal Agricultural Show, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
" Noah," New Theatre.
" As You Like It," Regent's Park.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. CREEVEY went out to dinner in 1829 and was rather shocked :

> Considering the rigid virtue of Lady Sefton and the profound darkness in which her daughters of from thirty to forty are brought up as to even the existence of vice, the party was as little calculated to protract the delusion of these innocents as any collection to be made in London.

There follow the names of Lady Ellenborough and

> the Pole, or Prussian, or Austrian—whichever he is, whom they call "Cadland" . . . anything so impudent as she I never beheld.

Lady Ellenborough remained a legitimate subject for scandal for another fifty years, and in *Portrait of Ianthe, being a study of Jane Digby, Lady Ellenborough* (Cape, 12s. 6d.), Miss E. M. Oddie has written an account of her career. When Mr. Creevey saw her she was twenty-one ; a magnificently healthy, lovely girl, descended from Sir Kenelm Digby and his Venetia Stanley and a granddaughter of Coke of Norfolk. At seventeen she had been married to Lord Ellenborough, an unpopular, ambitious politician who married her for her beauty but found her intractable. He left her severely alone ; and during the Bill for his divorce the *Standard* remarked :

> His Lordship can hardly be tired of his wife as he gave her none of his society during the day and reposed himself on a distant couch by night.

The Victorians regarded his behaviour as criminal neglect ; but he can only be taxed with sins of omission, and when his wife informed him she was with child by another man, he behaved very well indeed, especially as regards money. Jane Digby was not made for lonely couches, and after love-affairs with a young librarian, afterwards Sir Frederick Madden, and with her cousin, Colonel Anson, she fell madly in love with an Austrian, Prince Schwartzenberg. This was an unfortunate choice, for he also was a politician with a reputation to keep up, and when he learnt that she was pregnant he promptly fled. There was an unholy scandal, and the inconsiderate action of poor Lord Graves, who cut his throat just at this time—it was supposed because his wife was the mistress of the Duke of Cumberland—added to the feeling of alarm in London society.

> "The Duke has had very bad luck in coming across a husband who goes and cuts his throat for a matter of this kind" . . . wrote Princess de Lieven.

Readers of the unpublished parts of *The Greville Memoirs* have doubts if this is why Lord Graves committed suicide. The misery in which society plunges a girl of twenty-one, who finds herself pregnant and deserted by her lover Prince, is painful indeed. But, in that age, the loss of her reputation was essential to Jane Digby's happiness, as essential as the loss of her virginity.

* * *

Abandoning her first child, she fled to Schwartzenberg, who had been given a new job in the Austrian Embassy in Paris. Miss Oddie suggests that his nickname "Cadland" (from a racehorse) led to the modern use of the word *cad*, and, although bilking passengers were already known as cads, he may have popularised the word. Jane Digby lived with him in Paris ; he neglected her and she had a love-affair with Balzac, who draws her portrait as Lady Arabella Dudley in *Le Lys dans la Vallée*. Then she went off alone to Munich—which Miss Oddie compares to Florence during the Renaissance ; Munich, she says, was "becoming an art-centre which would out-rival Paris." Ludwig I restored Jane to respectability by making her his mistress and soon afterwards she married a Bavarian Baron. She seemed settled with a new family, but Ludwig had given her mind a twist towards Greece. It was natural that she should translate the King's love for ancient Greece into a passion for a modern Greek in national costume. Ludwig's son Otto was being sent out as King of Greece, and a certain Count Spyridon Theotoky was at hand :

> For Jane he was Spyro . . . the solid foundations of her Vennigen marriage were undermined with a volcanic shock . . . everything about her be-glamoured him.

* * *

Miss Oddie makes the reader recoil with her phrases—but he will read on eagerly through the bewildering catalogue of lovers to learn how the Baron shot Spyro, not fatally, and how she was soon back in Paris with Spyro in national costume, waving a flag in his hand, sitting beside the coachman on the box. They went off to Greece and had gay times, giving parties at which the guests smashed up her English dinner service and Spyro outdid them by cracking a marble-topped table. She had another child (her sixth), but it fell out of a window and her love for Spyro cooled. His place was filled by his German sovereign, Ludwig's son Otto . . . and by a succession of mercenary Greeks culminating in a garlic-eating septuagenarian General, arrayed in gold and mounted on a silver caparisoned horse. This last affair annoyed the Queen of Greece ; General Hadji Petros lost his command, whereupon he wrote the following pathetic protest :

> I can assure your Majesty on my word of honour as a soldier, that if I am this woman's lover it is not for love's sake, but purely for self-interest ! She is rich. And I am poor. I have a position to maintain and children to educate.

But the old ruffian, not content with sponging on Jane, tried to seduce her maid and Jane left for Syria. In less than a month a young Arab had "altered the course of her life." Until she went to Syria it is impossible to feel much sympathy with Jane Digby, or to take her seriously. She was just a woman who had lots of lovers and abandoned her children, and Miss Oddie has wasted her time in trying to present her in a particularly attractive and romantic light.

* * *

But in Syria an extraordinary piece of good luck befell her : at the age of forty-seven she met her master, Medjuel el Mezrab, a man of her own age, who married her and with whom she remained passionately in love until her death at seventy-three. Part of each year was spent with Medjuel's tribe in the desert, and there Jane Digby lived like an Arab woman, going barefoot, in a cotton smock and waiting on her master. Medjuel had also a house in Damascus and English visitors found her living surrounded by a hundred Persian cats (one of which was swallowed whole and disgorged none the worse by a pet pelican) with a dark, insignificant-looking man . . . Medjuel. She became the god-mother of the Mezrab tribe, spending her fortune in buying them cartridges, or paying blood-money, or in defending them against the Turkish authorities. She became a venerable, an entertaining figure. When she was seventy-three Sir Valentine Chirol suggested she should write her memoirs. She replied that they would be too much like "a naughty edition of the Almanach de Gotha." The Blunts knew her and were fond of her, and fonder still of Medjuel ; Sir Richard Burton and his wife, a very tiresome couple, were a nuisance to her. For twenty-five years she led a fascinating strange life ; but Miss Oddie has unfortunately not been able to find out much about it, or to re-create her as a living figure. The facts are gone ; the figures have faded. If only Virginia Woolf had written a life of Lady Ellenborough ! For a few words of hers would explain Jane Digby as Miss Oddie never succeeds in doing. In *A Mark on the Wall* Mrs. Woolf wrote :

> If one wants to compare life to anything one must liken it to being blown through the tube at fifty miles an hour—landing at the other end without a single pin in one's hair. . . . With one's hair flying back like the tail of a racehorse. Yes, that seems to express the rapidity of life, the perpetual waste and repair ; all so casual, all so haphazard. . . .

What Mrs. Woolf felt about her bookbinding tools, Jane Digby felt for her lovers ; if she had taken her as her heroine and made her not a Betty, but a Moll Flanders, we should know more than ever we shall know.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Orissers. By L. H. MYERS. *Putnam.* 3s. 6d.
England Made Me. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Captain Conan. By ROGER VERCEL. Translated by WARRE BRADLEY WELLS. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
If She is Wise. By SARAH CAMPION. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.
Wigs on the Green. By NANCY MITFORD. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.

From the ardours of a petrol-scented London June, with its fiery pavements and apoplectic buses, I can imagine no more agreeable literary refuge than the cool and shadowy universe that we discover in one of Mr. L. H. Myers' early novels. For there is something grotto-like—something almost submarine—about the atmosphere of those long, intricate, interesting, involved, yet refreshingly unhurried and unlaboured books. It is as if we were exploring some majestic cavern, listening to its echoes, admiring its stalagmites and stalactites—then woke up to the realisation that our wanderings had led us many miles under the sea. . . . Such, at least, was the feeling of remoteness that overcame me when first I read *The Orissers* several years back. Though published in 1922, here is a story that belongs to no particular period, creates its own universe, and, though it takes cognisance of contemporary moods, remains as serenely untroubled by contemporary catch-words as if it had been written before the invention of the modern novel.

Its disadvantages are too patent to require emphasis. *The Orissers* is a very long book; and, as in most long books, the narrative does not preserve an even and rhythmical pace from end to end. There are times when it hurries, and times when it dawdles—times when its course is dreamy and reflective; times when it rushes forward at an unnatural speed. Lengthy passages are devoted to spiritual analysis; but suddenly action intervenes, and the novelist sends his personages scurrying up and down stairs, searching for wills in the dead of night and otherwise comporting themselves in a manner usually associated with the personages of highly coloured popular fiction. The effect is occasionally inharmonious; yet these disadvantages are subordinate to the general atmosphere of the whole story. It is difficult to criticise *The Orissers*; yet, once read, the book is hard to forget, since it has a distinct and extremely original life of its own. Congratulations are due to the firm of publishers who have reissued this substantial volume at three-and-sixpence!

Of the four remaining novels there is only one, *Captain Conan*, that I can imagine feeling tempted to read a second time. On the other hand, all four are remarkably competent. *If She is Wise* and *Wigs on the Green* are brisk and amusing; while *England Made Me* is an interesting story, written by a novelist who is gifted with a fluent and hard-wearing, if not particularly original, prose style. It seems a pity, however, that Mr. Graham Greene does not follow what I imagine to be his real literary bent. I had the impression throughout that Mr. Greene should be writing a perfectly straightforward narrative. He possesses a valuable knack of concise description; and the episode with which he opens—his picture of a young woman, in a dreary English station buffet, waiting for the scapegrace brother whom she adores—has a vividness that would do any novelist credit. Unfortunately, Mr. Greene is apt to prefer an indirect and elusive method of approach that does not suit him quite so well. One feels that, afraid of becoming popular, Mr. Greene is perpetually putting on the brake, slowing up his story and running it aside down some retrospective bridle-path in which his ingenuity and versatility are not always seen at their brightest and best. Thus, scraps of dialogue are sandwiched, in the recognised modern fashion, between passages of staccato interior monologue—a trick that is exasperating rather than revelatory. One wishes that Mr. Greene could forget *The Waves* and would take a leaf from *The Maltese Falcon* or *Iron Man*.

England Made Me is the portrait of a cad. He sponges, tells lies, seduces girls, loses innumerable jobs, wears school colours to which he is not entitled, and—a more unamiable trait—talks an *argot* that proves a sad strain on the reader's patience. I had expected great things of Anthony Farrant; and I was disappointed when he began to refer to himself as "yours truly" and informed his benefactor, his sister's lover, the mighty Swedish financier, Erik Krogh, that he had left his luggage behind and would be needing some money "for glad rags." . . . The story revolves round the relationship of brother and sister, and round Krogh and the strange entourage he has attracted—the journalists, desperadoes and men of affairs. I am much afraid that, notwithstanding the author's precautions, *England Made Me* bears all the marks of a popular success.

It is not unlikely that *Captain Conan* will pass unnoticed. Yet it is a distinguished production; and, had it been written and published at a time when the craze for war-books was still at its height, there is no doubt that it would have sold in tens of thousands. For *Captain Conan* is the study of a fighter. Since the beginning of the world there have been freebooters like this savage, resourceful, brave, utterly unscrupulous little Breton; and, as long as war and revolution continue to break through the crust of civilised human society, they may be expected to come swarming to the surface. Of such were the Italian *condottieri*, the early Fascists and Storm Troopers, the post-war Black-and-Tans. Violence is Conan's element; and, once removed from his element and returned to the tedium of a provincial town, where he carries on the family business of draper and milliner, he lapses into physical and mental degeneracy. War provided the outlet his nature demanded; and our last glimpse of him is an obese invalid on the edge of the grave.

Captain Conan deserves to be read, not only as an extraordinarily vivid account of life with the French army in the Balkans just after the Armistice, but as the study of a type that—although we have no reason to believe that it is growing less numerous—grows daily more difficult to understand. The book is readable from start to finish. There is a brilliant description of Bucharest and Sofia in 1918, and of the warfare between the Roumanians, reinforced by the French, and a Red army, on the banks of the Dniester the following year. It is during this campaign that Conan—then under arrest for manslaughter: he has broken the spine of his Bulgarian landlord—performs prodigies of valour and rescues the company. The episode of the skirmish in the marshes is one of the finest modern battlepieces I have lately read.

Two feminine satirists conclude the procession. Written with an acrimony that one feels must proceed from painful experience, *If She is Wise* contains a devastating picture of an American girls' school, run by English mistresses, all of whom, it appears, are repressed Lesbians of the very worst and most dangerously neurasthenic kind. On the whole, it is not a pleasant story; for it is pervaded by a certain stuffy odour suggestive of flannel nightgowns, hair combings and the dregs of cocoa. But the book would be worth reading if it were only for the sake of Circassia Rhys, positively the nastiest woman who has yet made her appearance in another woman's book. . . . Miss Nancy Mitford is more merciful. Indeed, readers who enjoyed that very entertaining extravaganza, *Christmas Pudding*, may think that perhaps she is a little too kind and that the Union Jackshirts deserved severer castigation. One is sorry, too, that the founder of the Movement should not join Eugenia Malmains on the centre of the stage.

PETER QUENNELL

WARREN HASTINGS

Warren Hastings. Maker of British India. By A. MERVYN DAVIES. *Nicholson and Watson.* 25s.

Mr. Mervyn Davies in his long biography of Warren Hastings has chosen a subject which has never lost its dramatic interest. It is not surprising, therefore, that the book is at once a careful study and a vehement defence of its hero. The author is well read in the printed material, and has made use (though not exhaustively) of the voluminous manuscript material that survives. As he himself reminds us, the biographer of Warren Hastings necessarily writes under disabilities, for until certain special studies are made certain aspects of Hastings' history cannot be elucidated. It is not possible, for instance, to understand the alignment of forces against him in Parliament until far more is known about the relations of that party in the East India Company by which he was supported and the various parliamentary groups. But this does not impair the usefulness of Mr. Davies's work, which is, within the limits he himself lays down, both comprehensive and informative.

It is not without minor errors. It is unfortunate that the author should add still further confusion to that which has long surrounded the career of Hastings' first agent in England, Lachlan Macleane. Mr. Davies denies that this man was the "well-known figure of the London underworld" formerly Lord Shelburne's under-secretary. He points out the existence of another Lachlan Macleane, a second cousin of the first, and a major in the East India Service. He assumes that the Lachlan Macleane who was

appointed Lieutenant-Colonel and Commissary of Bengal in 1772, and who undoubtedly was Hastings' agent, was the major, and not the late under-secretary. This assumption is, however, incorrect. The under-secretary having become a bankrupt after heavy speculation, and having lost large sums of money belonging not only to Lord Shelburne but to Lawrence Sulivan, Chairman of the East India Company, obtained the appointment through the influence of the latter and was sent out to redeem his fortune and pay his debts, with special recommendations to Hastings, as a letter from Sulivan shows (*Brit. Mus. Add. MS.* 21933 ff. 533–6). His subsequent career in the East Indies is fully described both in his own account and in various correspondence among the Hastings MSS. in the British Museum. Mr. Davies also seems to doubt that he was lost in the wreck of the *Swallow*, but this too is amply proved. It is a pity that confusion should be thrown on the last stages of the career of this picaresque scoundrel. After Macleane's death, Hastings' friend Sykes wrote to him: "McLean's money is intirely lost, a variety of debits without one shilling in England to pay them; and your advances to him were at such a time, it would hurt you extremely were they known."

The most outstanding characteristic of Mr. Davies's work is his devotion to his hero. His task differs from that of the earlier biographers in that he has to deal not only with the wild accusations of the impeachment, but the sober criticisms of modern critics, such as Mr. Roberts. He states the case each time with scrupulous honesty and evades none of the issues which arise, but the concessions he has to make in so doing have surprisingly little effect on his final judgments of Hastings' character. The zeal of a less consistent admirer cannot fail to be a little checked by a series of actions the only possible justification of which is necessity of state even when "it would involve some hardship, even perhaps some measure of injustice to the individuals concerned" (p. 307) or "the terrific strain and anxiety of these two years" (p. 319). And it is surely asking much of the reader to wish him to believe that Indian merchants in Calcutta gave large gifts of money to the government *in the strictest secrecy*, solely from motives of patriotism and affection for English rule.

The fact is that the iniquities of political impeachment and the wildly oratorical character of the accusations brought against Hastings in that long-drawn-out attack brought then and now an indignant reaction in his favour. Burke, like many defenders of subject peoples in the future, was dependent on exaggerated privately collected material, and he had in addition the peculiar disadvantage that this material was nearly all derived from a vindictive and tenacious personal enemy. Moreover, distance and disorganisation made the collection of trustworthy Indian evidence almost impossible, as had already been shown on a number of occasions. There can be no doubt that the impeachment of Warren Hastings was unjust, as almost every impeachment had been. It is almost inconceivable that he could have been found guilty. But neither is it just to speak of "Burke's great hallucination." There was quite enough in the accusations to merit a Commission of Enquiry, and it seems doubtful that Hastings would have emerged with his reputation unstained.

For Hastings had touched pitch and not remained undefiled. Had he entered the service under happier conditions he would no doubt have been a model administrator. He was eminently suited to rule firmly yet considerately over a subject people of ancient civilisation and customs. But he was brought up in the East India system at a time when its principles were a scandal even to eighteenth-century England. He had seen Clive and his successors rifle the treasuries of native princes, use guile where force or persuasion could not avail, and had watched the broken speculators of Europe sent out to fall in greedy hordes on the courts of degenerate Indian rulers. His standard of conduct inevitably suffered. He was not personally greedy, but he had a low standard of financial integrity. He saw nothing indecorous in borrowing £30,000 from a native merchant of Calcutta when he was Governor-General, nor in giving contracts to relatives of Sulivan's under conditions that smacked strongly of jobbery. He was disgusted at the sight of European adventurers battening on the Vizier at Lucknow, but he was quite aware that his own close friends and agents Macleane and McPherson were doing the same thing at the court of the Nabob of Arcot, and he made no protest when his name was used in support of the worst of these adventurers, Paul Benfield. Mr. Davies may well say that the identification of Hastings' cause in Parliament with that of Benfield was incongruous, but it is an incongruity which unfortunately Hastings himself did not see. In the same way, though he was genuinely anxious for the good of his Indian subjects, and insisted that he considered treaties inviolate, he had no difficulty, when driven into a corner, in justifying to himself acts which it is hard to equate with his principles. When all has been said in his defence, his treatment of the Begums of Oude, and his attitude to the treaty with Faizulla Khan make painful reading.

The partisan nature of his support at home, and the irresponsibly partisan nature of the opposition to him in India, were disastrous to Hastings. They checked him just as his best work might have been done, and, since he was a good fighter, he became a desperate man, taking desperate measures to avoid defeat and disgrace. And identified as his cause had become with the excesses of party, he had to fall when the system of parties in the East India Company was destroyed. Hastings' removal by resignation or dismissal after 1784 was made inevitable, not only by the insidious propaganda of Francis, but because he was too closely identified with the system of faction and corruption in the company itself. The series of East India Bills, planned or introduced from 1778 on, all had this in common—they were satisfying an active and general demand that the open scandals of the East India Company should cease.

Hastings was then not only the scapegoat but the victim of a system and an environment to which he was greatly superior. It would have been astonishing had he been able to take the part in it he did and escape its contamination. The impeachment, unjust as it was to him, was a gesture of abhorrence for a system of government degrading to the English name. Yet Hastings, its victim and scapegoat, had already begun to alter it. As Mr. Davies rightly shows, the lines his more fortunate successors were to follow were already laid down by him.

It is right, therefore, to turn as Mr. Davies does to the constructive work he was able to achieve under all his disabilities; the insight he achieved among all the distractions of his times. But his essential quality is that of a man in power under conditions of great difficulty and temptation, who committed errors and injustices, but had high and enlightened ambitions, and who, surrounded by corruption and slackness, never gave way to the latter, and, though he did not escape the former, never condescended to use it for the ends of purely personal rapacity.

L. STUART SUTHERLAND

MR. MAUGHAM

Don Fernando. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Somerset Maugham in his new book places a word upon a variety of subjects, Spanish saints and landscapes and writers, the aesthetic emotion, European food, mysticism, Baroque architecture and the human heart. To impose some appearance of unity upon his treatment of these subjects he has chosen a most curious form: *Don Fernando* is supposed to be the history of studies made by the author in preparation for a historical novel which he at last decided not to write. (It was about a young man who, after a life of picaresque adventure, became a monk, a theme very similar to that of one of his earliest books, *The Making of a Saint*.) Gide's *Journal des Faux Monnayeurs*, in which he describes the processes by which he made his great novel, is a book important to anyone professionally interested in literature; and a similar journal about an imaginary book would, in Mr. Maugham's hands, be enthralling. Unluckily he has been content to use the form as a ramshackle framework, which seems to me to add very little to the book. Indeed the whole business of this unwritten novel is made so unconvincing that I begin to wonder if after all it is not true: if it were fiction, a novelist of Mr. Maugham's accomplishment would have made it more probable.

Mr. Maugham loves the Spaniards, but has no illusions about them. Not having illusions is, after all, one of his *spécialités de la maison*.

> They have added surprisingly little to the great stock of thought that forms the working material of our world. They have produced neither a philosopher nor a man of science of the first rank. . . . The history of Spain in the Golden Age is a history of the abysmal ineptitude of which the human race is capable.

Moreover, "Edgar Wallace is better than all the picaresque novelists put together," and having read twenty-four plays by Lope de Vega and a dozen by Calderon, Mr. Maugham has not much good to say of either. Of *Don Quixote* he declares that it is a very great work, but that it would be hard to find one of so much importance that had so many glaring defects. Incidentally he reveals the fact, unknown, I think, to most of us, that Cervantes lived on the immoral earnings of his sisters and daughter. Here is his comment:

> I do not believe that there is any man who if the whole truth were known of him would not seem a monster of depravity; and also I believe that there are very few who have not at the same time virtue, goodness and beauty.

It is this view, behind a narrative skill most patiently developed, which has made Mr. Maugham one of the few important novelists alive. Incidentally it is a profoundly civilised view, for nothing has caused more cruelty than the illusion that men are white or black, whereas really they are varying shades of grey. It is a view which has given Mr. Maugham his reputation for cynicism, and the sentence quoted, therefore, seems to me perhaps the most significant in the book. For, eventually, one is less interested in what Mr. Maugham tells us about Spain than in what he reveals about himself. He is notoriously the most enigmatic of our prominent writers. He never delights Pen Club dinners with whimsical speeches about his own character, nor does he even give the newspapers the benefit of his opinions on the Modern Girl, the Quantum Theory, and the composition of the Test Match Eleven. In his admirable stories he has perfected the use of the first person singular, but we are not expected to take as a self-portrait the bland *raconteur* at whose knees the sturdy planters confess their sins. I think there is more of Maugham himself in *Don Fernando* than in any of his books since *Of Human Bondage*. Even here he sometimes draws a red herring across the track: of Lope de Vega, for instance, he says that he "was a good-natured, normal, sensual man. In fact he was exactly what a dramatist should be if he is to have success." I think of our four most successful dramatists, Shaw, Barrie, Mr. Coward, Maugham himself; and I wonder whether irony cannot be overdone. Here is another curious sentence:

> I should say that the three essentials of good writing are lucidity, euphony, and simplicity; and their importance is according to the order in which I have placed them.

Evidently this knocks out Aeschylus, Tacitus, Shakespeare, Browne, Saint Simon, Browning, Kierkegaard, Rimbaud, Henry James, Proust, and in fact most of the best poets and a good proportion of the best prose-writers. But at least it squares with the author's practice: his prose is lucid almost to the point of colourlessness, and euphonious almost to the point of banality. We hardly notice the medium of communication; a thought arrests us, but very rarely a word. Mr. Maugham has indeed brought this self-effacing technique almost to perfection. Stendhal, Maupassant, and Norman Douglas seem to have a similar aim, but their prose remains more personal than Mr. Maugham's. It is an excellent method of writing, and has been used by some of the greatest. But it is not the only one.

Mr. Maugham makes admirable remarks on Baroque architecture, including this most felicitous comment: "Mass is but an instant in the unending curve of movement." And here is an equally happy account, straight from the horse's mouth, of a view of the artist very like Mr. Max Eastman's:

> The work of art, whether the artist intended it or not—and for my part I think he seldom does—proffers a communication. This has nothing to do with the artist. From his standpoint it may only be a by-product of his activity: so the esculent swallows build nests for their young and are unaware that for their aphrodisiac qualities they will go to make soup for the enfeebled but amative Chinese.

The book is indeed packed with sentences which one would like to quote. One of the best passages describes the author's experience when he attempted one of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. I should have liked a fuller account of St. Teresa—who combined with her mysticism a Machiavellian cunning in practical affairs to which Mr. Maugham does less than justice. The most remarkable part of his book is that devoted to El Greco, whom he portrays as a clever and luxury-loving Levantine, never acclimatised in Spain, a sardonic humorist, a sceptic and at the same time a mystic. "He stands on the bank, aloof and ironical, and watches the river of life flow on. He is persuaded that opinion is no more than prejudice." Can it be that Mr. Maugham when studying Greco's pictures sometimes saw his own face reflected in the glass?

Don Fernando is evidently and eminently a book written by Mr. Maugham for his own pleasure. Parts of it are rather dull, notably seventeen pages, where seven would have been enough, of a Sixteenth Century Dialogue which he has disinterred. Presumably a considerable proportion of Mr. Maugham's admirers will be disappointed—St. John of the Cross is not everyone's cup of tea. This is a book for educated persons, written by one of the most intelligent men alive. Perhaps I should add, since stupidity is increasingly well thought of, that "intelligent" seems to me one of the strongest epithets of praise.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

POVERTY AND MALNUTRITION

Public Ill Health. By C. E. MCNALLY, Hon. Treasurer, Committee Against Malnutrition. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

A few months ago we were shocked by an extraordinarily complacent Report by the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health. Sir George Newman had always been counted on the side of the angels; yet here he was minimising the mischief of underfeeding, and assuring us that there was little sign of malnutrition resulting from the severe unemployment that has afflicted the country. He was refuted from every quarter—in the press, by social workers and scientific investigators, by members of the medical profession, great and small. And now in this book Mr. McNally has crystallised all the criticisms into one of the most formidable indictments ever brought against a public service. He does not indulge in rhetoric or make easy appeals to the reader's emotions. His evidence is not based on hearsay or guesswork; it is drawn from authoritative sources and unimpeachable witnesses. And he covers a wide ground—the children, the unemployed, infantile and maternal mortality, and diseases, like rickets and tuberculosis, that are fostered by poverty.

Mr. McNally's argument in brief is this. Our knowledge of what is essential for good health, and particularly of food values and their importance, has made enormous strides in recent years. In the light of that knowledge, the medical service has not done, and is not doing, its duty. The provision of milk and meals and medical care in the elementary schools is not enough. The extent and the consequences of malnutrition are far more serious than officialdom admits, and officialdom is deliberately glossing over the facts. The Ministry of Health appears, indeed, to be less concerned to insist on an adequate supply of calories and vitamins to the poor than to offer soothing-syrup to the well-to-do. And the syrup has been swallowed with avidity. Mr. McNally quotes from a typical article in a Sunday newspaper a few months ago. After Sir George Newman's report, it said, the

malnutrition of the unemployed could no longer be used by agitators as a political stunt . . . " but the unemployed and many others could be helped both to fuller nourishment and to a lower expenditure if they were given a closer knowledge of food values." How admirable ! The dog may still be fed on his own tail ; we have only to teach him that his tail is the widow's cruse.

There has been much controversy and misunderstanding about diet scales, to the perplexity of the layman. There was, in particular, a year or two ago, the conflict—more apparent than real, as it eventually turned out—between the estimates of the Ministry's expert Advisory Committee and another committee appointed by the British Medical Association. The former took 3,000 calories and 37 grammes of first-class protein as their standard, the latter 3,400 calories and 50 grammes of first-class protein. What it is important to notice, as Mr. McNally points out, is that

> both the diets drawn up by the B.M.A. and the Ministry of Health are minimum diets designed as a standard below which no one of the population should fall to be kept in a reasonable state of health. They were not designed to afford more than the barest necessities, nor to help to increase general health. . . .

They were, in fact, sheer subsistence scales, and a minimum scale of food is emphatically not an optimum scale. And, what is more, the Ministry does not seem to have bothered itself about the application even of its own miserable minimum. When we turn to the regulations of the Unemployment Assistance Board, what do we find ? The Ministry figure for the minimum food necessary for an adult man comes to 5*s.* 1½*d.* a week—the B.M.A. figure is 5*s.* 11*d.* For children (food, plus an allowance for clothing, cleaning and light), the B.M.A. minimum ranges from 4*s.* 3½*d.* for a child of two to 6*s.* 6½*d.* for one of eleven. The U.A.B. scale runs from 3*s.* up to a maximum of 4*s.* 6*d.* And in face of all the evidence which is set out here from expert dietitians, medical officers, and responsible bodies that have carried out social surveys, it is impossible to deny that we have a great host of men, women and children up and down the land who are inadequately nourished.

It is idle to imagine that all would be well if working-class women were better managers, with more knowledge of food values and of how to cook. Ignorance and incompetence no doubt account for something. But those who are so glib with this " argumentum ad matremfamilias " forget, or do not realise, the difficulties under which the poorer housewives labour, and Mr. McNally does well to point them out. It is more often lack of the most elementary facilities—water and storage, for example—rather than ignorance or taste, which drives families to the tin. It is poverty, not perversity, that dictates the consumption of too much bread and potatoes and sugar and too little vegetables and fruit and dairy produce. And how many go short of food, or are forced to buy inferior food, because of the high rents that they have to pay ? The rent factor is indeed a big one, as everyone knows who has a practical acquaintance with the housing problem. The medical officers of the Ministry may plead that they are not responsible for that. But they cannot escape on the main charge which Mr. McNally's book drives home—that of " ignoring the main issues it should be their primary business to discuss, and in their Report, by failing to give an accurate, scientific picture of the state of public health, of erecting a barrier of complacency to obstruct those efforts which are being made to build a healthier community." The demand for the abatement of this scandal is no " political stunt," and one man, at least, in the Ministry has too much sense to believe it is. That man is the new Minister himself, Sir Kingsley Wood. Can we look to him to insist on a constructive health policy—which means, first and foremost, that everyone, employed or unemployed, shall have enough to eat ?

C. M. LLOYD

THE UBIQUITOUS NILE

The Primordial Ocean: An Introductory Contribution to Social Psychology. By W. J. PERRY. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

The latest chapter of the saga of the Children of the Sun—the culture-heroes who, according to Dr. Perry, carried Egyptian civilisation round the world—adds ceremonial and creation myths to the baggage of the wanderers. Dr. Perry declares that Pawnee and other ceremonies are imitations of ceremonies designed to confer immortality on Egyptian kings, and that creation stories in which a creator god draws up land out of the ocean derive from Egyptian stories about the Nile. The layman has to take Dr. Perry's word for it ; but, after allowing for an enthusiast's bias in selecting and interpreting his facts, the correspondence between the ceremonies is interesting, and it may be that a bowl of water in a Pawnee ceremony really represents the forgotten Nile. The hypothesis of a cultural connection between America and Egypt does not rest on ceremony alone.

Dr. Perry goes on to assert that mankind is conservative and matter-of-fact ; that " myth-making man is a myth " ; and that Egyptian ceremonial is a dramatisation of historical events. Their god Osiris was a dead king and their ideas about immortality arose in response to historical necessities. His exposition is fascinating but inconclusive. A theory of the origins of obscure rituals is hardly convincing evidence for the matter-of-factness of man. Dr. Perry's thesis requires that pre-agricultural man should have lacked the idea of immortality, which he believes to have been invented in Egypt to serve the interests of the kingship. Aurignacean men, who practised ceremonial burial, may have thought " that they could . . . influence the dead in some way " but he thinks it unlikely that they believed in conscious survival after death, or that they had any " definite conception of a soul " and he imagines that they regarded death merely as a sleep or as " the cessation of consciousness." It is a little difficult to see what would be the point of " influencing " the dead if they were really dead, or even permanently asleep. Dr. Perry apparently believes that the Children of the Sun endowed the rest of the world, except a few marginal tribes, not only with ideas of immortality, gods and kings or chiefs, myths and ceremonies, agriculture and most of their crafts, but also with all their social institutions except the family. He calls his book an introduction to social psychology, so it is natural to expect from it some clue to the psychological problems of diffusion. Given the " conservatism " of food-gathering man, which he is at pains to establish, why do changes of culture occur when they occur ? Taking diffusion from Egypt as a fact, why did the food-gatherers of the world accept the culture of the Children of the Sun ? Because it was useful to them ? But existing food-gatherers, as Dr. Perry shows, are frequently so conservative that they do not adopt the agriculture practised by their neighbours. It is incredible to suppose that the Children of the Sun left Egypt

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in large enough numbers to conquer the world and impose their institutions and beliefs by force. If they had done so there would be Egyptian evidence for a world-wide empire and one would expect to find in the empire itself a tradition of hostility between invaders and invaded, instead of reverence for ancestral or alien culture-heroes. A ceremonial hostility sometimes exists between the moieties in societies organised on a dual basis, but Dr. Perry claims this as an imitation of the traditional hostility between Upper and Lower Egypt. (He derives our ball-games from the same source.) If, on the other hand, the culture-heroes imposed themselves on the world in small numbers and by peaceful means, why did the peoples accept their culture? Is it conceivable that indigenous societies should voluntarily divide themselves into moieties and clans in response to the orders of aliens? It is disappointing to find that Dr. Perry makes no effort to discuss the question of authority and social change. His social psychology is limited to a few assertions. (1) "Natural" or food-gathering man is interested mainly in food and family, except when influenced by bearers of Egyptian culture. He is conservative, peaceful and unspeculative. This may be a true picture; but Dr. Perry is so careless about his facts that one begins to wonder whether it is an accident that those food-gatherers who are known to indulge in social institutions are just the peoples who have been intensively studied by trained anthropologists. An amusing example of Dr. Perry's idea of evidence may be quoted. In a chapter of the book meant to demonstrate that arts come to excellence early in their career, he cites Poynter's opinion that the lost paintings of the Greek Apelles "could hardly have fallen short of the best work of the Italian Renaissance"!

(2) Dr. Perry's next step is to show that food and family interests have affected all departments of life among food-producing peoples and are therefore based on universal instincts. There is no difficulty about swallowing this doctrine if one is vague enough about food and family; but now comes the stumbling-block. (3) All other social institutions arose in response to specific situations; and having arisen in response to Egyptian situations (Dr. Perry ascribes all the institutions he mentions to Egypt), they were "imposed" upon simple societies by alien immigrants. How were they imposed? And how comes it that specific necessities functioned so mightily in Egypt and so faintly elsewhere? Dr. Perry's remark that "cultural facts are specific and need specific explanations" is a good parlour text for anthropologists. If he had nailed up a few others, such as "Make sure that your facts are correct" and "Superficial or contradictory explanations are misleading," *The Primordial Ocean* would throw more light than it does on social psychology. OLGA MARTIN

MEDICAL PROGRESS, 1857-1935

Fifty Years in Public Health. By SIR ARTHUR NEWSHOLME. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

This is a good and unaffected book, free from the whimsicality and facetiousness which have lately disfigured so many popular works on medicine and medical history. Doctors are often fit subjects for the wag; but disease and health are, by all but the subtlest of writers, best treated soberly, as diagrams should be drawn. Sir Arthur Newsholme is writing about matters of which he has had first-hand experience. He was born in 1857; and for more than sixty years he has been actively engaged in the study and practice of medicine, in the organisation of hygienic services, or, since his retirement from his post of principal Medical Officer of Health to the Local Government Board, in the personal investigation of medical and health conditions in nearly all the countries of the world. The fact that, at his present age of 78, he is keen enough and energetic enough to write so valuable and interesting a book as *Fifty Years in Public Health* is sufficient evidence of his mental and physical activity and of his enthusiasm for his subject. The book is not, and does not aim at being, a brilliant one, for which we may be thankful; but it is full of valuable information, as free as may be from abstract theory, and is written in that clear, simple and direct style which all those for whom the book is intended will appreciate. A short introductory chapter of but ten pages gives some account of the author's childhood, three-quarters of a century ago, in the village of Haworth, where he was born. The Brontës were neighbours; and of Bramwell Brontë and his sisters, Sir Arthur has many interesting and hitherto unpublished things to say. For minor ailments, Mrs. Newsholme, "like the village generally, consulted Mrs. Betty Lambert, the woman druggist of the village. She was a noted local character, and she was sent for not only in sickness but also to make the last toilet of the dead." Betty supplied Bramwell Brontë with his weekly quantum of opium, which he fetched "during church time on Sundays." Several good anecdotes are told in this early chapter. The bulk of the book, however, is occupied with the story of the progress of medicine and of developments in public health administration during the last half-century. Entertaining and illuminating memories of surgical practice at St. Thomas's Hospital during the author's student days are recorded. "The knives and other instruments, it is true, lay in trays immersed in alcohol, but the person in charge handed them to the surgeon while taking snuff at frequent intervals. I have seen a surgeon pick up a forceps from the floor and use it again forthwith. The coats in which some surgeons operated were old frock coats, used repeatedly without adequate cleansing. One saw threaded needles, with silken threads hanging down, attached to the well-worn coat of the house surgeon, ready for the surgeon in the later stages of the operation." Perhaps the most significant chapter of the book is the final one, which is an expression of the author's optimism as to the physical and hygienic future of our race. He has no sympathy with the unfavourable forecasts of many of our eugenic Cassandras; and has a profound disbelief in the alleged physical deterioration of the people of England. HARRY ROBERTS

BYZANTINE ART

Byzantine Art. By D. TALBOT RICE. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Talbot Rice justly observes, in the course of his remarkable study, that a knowledge of Byzantine art is essential not only for students of cultural development, but for those who wish to understand the troubled times through which we are passing. He seems to base this view on the notion that Byzantine art depended principally on what modern critics have called "significant form," that is to say constructions of lines and colours possessing an intrinsic power beside which the subject becomes unimportant. Indeed, the subject can almost disappear: it is only a pretext: once the construction is finished, the scaffolding becomes unnecessary. If this is the author's view he is presumably thinking of cubism and what is known as abstract art. This thesis, in connection with Byzantine art, has already been put forward. But it automatically raises a difficulty: the modern artists referred to have accepted and even sought a complete divorce between visual art and social life; and similarly States as they are now organised take no account of such artists. Instead they fall back indiscriminately on official image-makers and commercial designers, whose work merely emphasises the squalor, feebleness and blatancy of the institutions they serve. No attitude could be more opposed than this to the imperial conception of art revealed to us so magnificently by Byzantine remains. Splendour of material, technical tradition, capacity for invention, talent and inspiration—all these resources of its subject peoples are here used by a central Government to celebrate its power, majesty and pretensions.

Mr. Talbot Rice reminds us that Byzantine art came from the fusion of East and West. It is a synthesis of the prevailing currents among the various peoples included in or in contact with the Empire, Greeks, Romans, Syrians and Persians. At the time when Constantine established his capital on the shores of the Bosphorus, it shows only glimpses of the new spirit. We are still dealing with a Hellenistic and Roman world, which has, however, been modified by the influence of Christianity and of the Orient, when there is a revival of ancient traditions. When St. Sophia is finished, in 537, Byzantine art appears in all its glory and distinct from all previous styles. This new style will spread its vital influence in the remotest countries from Spain in the West to Russia in the East. Its predominance will last as long as the power of the Imperial House, and in the Christian Near East, even longer. Even after the fall of the Empire, enfeebled by the Crusaders who brutally sacked the capital in 1204, and finally overwhelmed by the Turks in 1453, the style survives, in Greece and the Balkans, in a degenerate form almost to our own time.

The characteristics of the style according to Mr. Talbot Rice can be thus defined:

> It aims at significance, it is not concerned with pleasing, but with conveying an idea, and this aim must be achieved, if necessary, by the most forceful means.

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The emphasis, especially in sculpture and mosaic, is much less on the outward beauty of things than on their " inner meaning " ; the results may also charm us by their " exquisite beauty." Besides the didactic intention one can distinguish also the obvious desire to " overawe the spectator by an inconceivable splendour, which would, when combined with the impression of the singing and the chanting as well as with the grandeur of priests and vestments, leave him spellbound and astounded . . . ." The craftsman, however, does not let himself be so dazzled by the splendour of his materials as to become their slave. His aim is always to invest the precious metals, the jewels, the silks and the ivories with a spiritual meaning which turns even the most extravagant luxury into the expression of a religious feeling, admirable for its sublimity and the touching solemnity of its forms. That at least is what one would like to believe when Mr. Talbot Rice quotes this statement from another critic : " What is important is what the workman has in mind, and not what some model has in his body " ; or again, " A work of sculpture may resemble other things or it may not, but such resemblance is accidental and not substantial . . ." Here again there seems to be a suggestion that the Byzantine artist turned away from actuality to create from an ideal world. We are taken back to the theory of abstract art and to the supreme satisfaction to be found in the pure play of the intelligence. This impression is reinforced by the fact that the author insists on the superiority of the work produced when Byzantium was only a shadow of itself, when the Empire had lost its prestige, its riches, its unity, its influence and its organisation. The ephemeral renaissance of the capital under the Paléologues (1258–1353) has left us, we must admit, some monuments of " exquisite beauty." But how can these be thought as impressive as the formidable creations of the periods when the Empire, notably from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, was dominating a still half-barbarous world, not only by the success of its diplomacy and arms, but also, and even more, by magnificent temples and lavish festivities ?

The word " Byzantine " does not seem to us to possess the exact meaning which Mr. Talbot Rice assumes. We begin to perceive analogies between our own stormy times and the obscure period before Constantine's Peace of the Church. Then, too, the object of the arts was to entertain a cultivated upper class, while this culture was supporting the assault of the violent and mystical movements destined to destroy it. Similarly to-day we have seen the unexpected birth of religions whose object is to pull to the ground the whole structure of society, while no direction is given to crowd-movements, either by artists or by Governments making use of artists. Here, then, there is a certain analogy. But it would be difficult to discover how the artist could now effect a satisfactory contact with the main body of either the governing or the governed class. Perhaps some way could be discovered by studying not so much the actual works, as the ideas behind the works, of such painters as Delacroix, Van Gogh, Gauguin and Matisse. These important problems are raised by works like this of Mr. Talbot Rice's. He deserves gratitude also for providing a thorough study of Byzantine art which did not previously exist in English. His power of synthesis, his lucidity, and his erudition have enabled him to compress into his book an extraordinary amount of information. There is no authority which he has neglected. But it is regrettable that the photographic illustrations are neither in number nor in quality such as so important a volume requires.

GEORGES DUTHUIT

THE CAUSES OF RELIGION

The Passing of the Gods. By V. F. CALVERTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There are at least three elements in the origin of religion. The first, the sense of wonder and awe inspired by what Otto calls the numinous, Mr. Calverton mentions in his introduction and ignores in his book. The second, metaphysical curiosity, he is loud in denying : " Nothing could be farther from the truth," he shouts, than " the conception that religion grew out of man's desire to explain the universe. Religion began in no such way at all. Early primitive man was not concerned with such a concept." It would be hard, if this were true, to account for the existence of creation-myths all over the world, even amongst extremely backward races. Of the third element in the making of religion, the desire for deliverance from the solitude of the self, he is aware : but his main thesis is based upon a confusion of magic with religion. He is careful verbally to distinguish between the two ; but the greater part of his work assumes their identity. He is concerned to argue that " magic and religion evolved as the means whereby " man hoped to control his environment ; and served to establish " the continuity between the ego and the group." Now that " science has endowed man with power " over his environment, and Communism has arisen as " the only satisfactory and lasting solution to the ego-problem in our age," religion is no longer needed.

To prove his theory about the causes of religion, he thus summarises its history. The magicians, " the first leisure-class," while believing in their own rituals, used their position to exploit their fellow-men. Religions increased, varying in form according to the pastoral, agricultural or nomadic economy of the worshippers. By the first century A.D. religion was breaking down among the rich because they had " acquired abundant power over the environment." (The old religions were certainly breaking down, but Mr. Calverton omits to mention the extraordinary popularity of the mystery-cults.) Christianity appealed to those who, deprived of economic fulfilment in this world, hoped for it in the next : and " the communism that Jesus taught was militant and relentless." (" Love your enemies. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If any man will take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also "). Christianity lost its character by admitting the rich and " class-conflict centred itself in the heart " of the new religion. The " upper-class hierophants censored anything that conflicted with their class interest " and " fattened on the expanding wealth of the ecclesiastical state." Mr. Calverton's point of view is interesting, but his generalisations cloud their own truth with their violence. A conflict existed, and its economic aspect is too often forgotten ; but the main struggle lay less between class and class than between the bureaucracy into which all human organisations tend to freeze, and the warmth of religious life. For example, it is perfectly true that Piers Plowman demanded more for the peasants, but this does not cancel out the fact that rich men like Bernard of Clairvaux and Francis of Assisi not only renounced for themselves the privileges to which they were born, but inspired to poverty large numbers of the hierarchy they had entered.

The Reformation with its individualism was caused by the growth of the middle class, and " masked the class-struggle " of the peasant revolts. Then the industrial revolution gave men material power ; and now Communism offers them a satisfaction of their herd-instinct in worship of the collective. It would all be quite complete if religion were nothing but what Mr. Calverton posits. Metaphysical speculation is concerned, however, not with sociology but with ultimates ; and the sense of the numinous springs in solitude.

RENÉE HAYNES

DICKENS MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens : His Letters to Her. Edited by WALTER DEXTER. *Constable.* 10*s.*

These letters, from betrothal to separation twenty-three years later, were preserved by Mrs. Dickens, and left to her daughter, Kate Perugini. It was Mrs. Dickens's belief, wrote Mrs. Perugini, that " they would show the world that my father had once loved her ; and would make it apparent that the separation . . . was not owing to any fault on her side." Well, they certainly show the first, which was not in question ; but upon the second issue they throw little, if any, light. They could hardly be expected to. The deep conflicts of an unhappy marriage are unlikely to appear in occasional letters ; and if the Dickens quarrelled, they certainly did not do so on paper. So far as written evidence goes, these letters show on Charles Dickens's side an extraordinary degree of kindliness and patience. But the record is incomplete ; the letters are his only ; and reading them is like listening to one end of a telephone conversation.

But the talker at this end of the wire is good, sometimes first-rate. And although this collection of letters, only a few of which have hitherto been made public, is not practically important in the Dickens canon, it is worth reading. They should be read, not at all with an eye on the tedious question of " who was to blame ? " but simply for their own Dickensian qualities. Many are commonplace, but the few best are a very good best. The authentic Dickens appears first at the White Hart Inn at Kettering, during an election in 1835, " just stopping short of murder and a riot." The Greta Bridge letter of 1838 is likewise in the real coaching-print manner (" drawn curtains and a most blazing fire . . . a smoking supper and a bottle of mulled port," etc.). And there are several good letters of later date from the Continent. In a very different vein in his letter of 1851, breaking the news, with a skill

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that could come only from the heart, of the death of their year-old baby, Dora : it is an unwilled masterpiece of letter-writing.

The appendices contain the famous epistles in which Dickens, in his rôle of public character, took the world into his confidence in this matter of his private life, and a few kindred papers. They are far less likeable. But they are part of the whole, and it was right to include them. It is not surprising that they made a stir in 1858 : but how reserved and discreet they are in comparison, say, with Mr. Wells's recent expositions of his early married life!

SHORTER NOTICES

I Photograph Russia. By JAMES E. ABBE. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Abbe is an American press photographer who has had an adventurous life in the pursuit of his art. In this book he tells the story of how he went to Russia in 1932, determined to photograph Stalin in the Kremlin. That after some difficulties he did, and then he stayed on in Moscow and took pictures of other people and places and things. Eighty of his photographs are reproduced here, all interesting and some of them first-rate. A few others are of "forbidden" (though, of course, quite harmless) subjects—such as railway stations, queues, and Madame Stalin's funeral. He had several encounters with the G.P.U., and the last of them led to his departure, not unwilling, from the U.S.S.R. Apart from the photographs, the book is light-weight—gossip and stories, mixed with serious, though mostly superficial, criticism. Mr. Abbe writes amusingly, with a tendency to facetiousness. He is hostile to the Soviet regime and its works, and cynical and often malicious about most of those in authority. But he was impressed by Stalin.

The Mercenaries of the Hellenistic World. By G. T. GRIFFITH. *Cambridge University Press.* 16*s.*

Mr. Griffith's study of the Greek soldier of fortune which was awarded the Hare Prize for 1933 originally covered the whole field, but, owing to the publication of Professor Parkes' work on Greek Mercenary Soldiers, which carried their history down to the Battle of Ipsus, he has truncated the original essay and confined himself mainly to the Hellenistic period. Readers of the present book who do not know Professor Parkes' work will regret this mutilation of a story which should be continuous ; for with the establishment of the Kingdoms of the Successors the Greek who enlisted in the armies of the Macedonian princes was not serving entirely foreign masters or living in entirely alien lands. He may have suffered from nostalgia when settled among Persians, Syrians or Babylonians, but he must, one imagines, have felt at home in the Hellenistic cities of the Selencidae or in the segregated Greek settlements of the Ptolemies. If there is a fault to find with Mr. Griffith's learned, lively, and meticulously documented study of the constitution of the armies of the Macedonian Kingdoms it is that he assumes too much that the enlisted Greek felt he was serving alien masters and causes in which he had no personal interest.

The Log of a Native Commissioner. By H. N. HEMANS. *Witherby.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In this pleasantly written record of work and sport in the Sebungwe District of Southern Rhodesia, Mr. Hemans tells us of his experiences as a Native Commissioner ; and writes so sympathetically and shrewdly of the peoples under his rule that the book has a real anthropological value. Mr. Hemans has gathered some good folk-stories, and has much to tell us of the faithfulness of his native servants, of whom he can say that only once has he been let down. On the sporting side he has some exciting adventures to recall with elephant, buffalo, rhino and lion. The book is illustrated with some excellent photographic reproductions.

The Soya Bean. Its History, Cultivation (in England) and Uses. By ELIZABETH BOWDIDGE. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

The Soya Bean is the veritable Pooh Bah of the vegetable kingdom. It can be used as a fertiliser, or as hay and straw, while a wide range of by-products—to mention only a few—includes milk and cheese, glue, varnish, linoleum, and glycerine. This native of Manchuria deserves an important place in human diet, for it contains four vitamins, essential mineral salts of iron, calcium, and phosphorus, and the proportion of protein is higher than in any other vegetable. The fat is unusually digestible, and the caloric value is excelled only by the peanut. In short the Soya Bean forms a complete dietary. Miss Bowdidge gives a concise history of the cultivation and uses of this versatile plant, and describes, from her own practical experience, the difficulties of acclimatisation in English soil.

The Scots Tragedy. By COLIN WALKINSHAW. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is difficult to understand what precisely is the tragedy that Mr. Walkinshaw laments in this highly sophisticated study of Scotland through the ages. If he means the industrialisation of the country it is a tragedy shared by other countries. If he means the collapse of Scottish industry since the war, the English too have suffered. If he means the Union, he is unlikely to get much sympathy from any but the Romantics among his countrymen. It seems late in the day to work up an agitation for Scotland for the Scots, or to excite enthusiasm for an imaginary golden age of Scottish mediaevalism, with a view to depreciating the Union. Apart, however, from the questionable nature of its objects and its method, the book makes lively and attractive reading, for it is the kind of history in which the historian by heightening a fact here and omitting a fact there makes of the past a wish fulfilment.

Speak to the Earth. By VIVIENNE DE WATTEVILLE. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Miss de Watteville's ten months in the African jungle with a camera, in quest of more intimate glimpses of wild game, make an interesting study of the feminine view-point in this rapidly popularising occupation ; amusing and well written, but a little sentimental. If one can forget Miss de Watteville's frolicsomeness and her rather conscious naivety, together with the depressing fact that in these days of massed expeditions elephant tracks are tragically "tar-macadam," there is a lot of excitement in her book. To the more sober-minded her descriptive power when she tells of the African flora will prove exceedingly attractive, especially as Miss de Watteville speaks authoritatively, having accompanied her father, a naturalist of considerable repute, on previous expeditions. Miss de Watteville has set out to write an entertaining nature book and has succeeded admirably.

Week-end Competitions

No. 276

Set by Richard Church

Rewards and punishments are a part of the structure of the social machine. We have our Honours List. Against this, why should we not have a Dishonours List instead of punishments ? A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be given for a complete list of titles in this Dishonours List so that thieves, seducers, peculators, murderers, etc., may have their rank and be recognised by it.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 5th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 274

Set by Hubert Waley

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an entry in a diary ending up "on the whole not a very good day!" Contributions must not exceed 300 words.

Report by Hubert Waley

The entries to this competition made interesting reading if one regarded them simply as a representative collection of "slings and arrows." The two favourite missiles of an adverse fate seemed to be lateness at the office and seeing the same film twice. But though they abounded in human interest they mostly lacked literary inspiration.

They fell naturally into three divisions :

(1) Real diaries, or real diaries only slightly touched up.

(2) Semi-fictional diaries, in which the author set out to describe his or her reactions to life by means of autobiography embellished with imaginary episodes and philosophic generalisations.

(3) Wholly fictional diaries, like the Grossmith "Diary of a Nobody" or Maurice Baring's "Lost Diaries," in which the author has described some character quite other than himself and simply used the diary form as a literary expedient.

The majority of entries belonged to the second class and the influence of Miss Delafield was very conspicuous. She proved herself, however, rather a will-o'-the-wisp to her admirers. Their compositions tended, when viewed as totalities, to be formless and, when analysed, to lack those neat suggestions by implication which the diary formula invites. Two honourable exceptions ought to be quoted—I. I. Milne's : "While having bath lights fused, and had to go down in towel. Did not know about mouse-trap," and K. Baron Hartley's : "After lunch met Tom Binks and helped him clean his father's car. Magnetos have yards and yards of wire in them. Tom let me keep some." For pure ingenuity a good deal of credit must go to Mr. Gerald Summer, whom I cannot

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"Each Tin, as opened, has proved perfect. Wonderfull stuff, Barneys—Punchbowle: it is the one tobacco that can be smoked despite the heat—98° in the shade.

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T. E. LAWRENCE

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resist quoting in full, though I feel that a metrical diary is almost a contradiction in terms.

Breakfast—bills, income-tax forms and writs harry me,
Plus a missive from Maisie refusing to marry me;
Drove to the office—avoiding a deacon,
Mounted the pavement and shattered a beacon;
A posse of policemen, parading the fine street,
Noted the number and led me to Vine Street;
Nought that I said to the Chief could avail me "owt,"
Rang up my partner and urged him to bail me out.
Sore at my Maisie's brutality (darn 'er skin!)
Reaching the Stock Exchange, slipped on banana skin.
Scanned all the shares that I'd nibbled or bitten on—
None were worth more than the paper they're written on.
Sallied for luncheon on haddock at A.B.C.—
Asked "Is it fresh?" and the waitress said "May be, see!"
Judging by subsequent symptoms (abdominal)
Age of the fish had been something phenomenal.
Afternoon busy and thronged as an editor's,
Soothing the clients and calming the creditors.
I spring from my desk when the clock-hands convey "Go!"
Heavy with headache and bent with lumbago.
Home—found the char had been bitten by Tray—
The cat had had kittens, the cook was away—
Aunt had arrived and decided to stay—
I glanced in the mirror—a hair or two grey
And, on the whole, not a very good day!

No contribution of outstanding merit was received and in the circumstances I recommend withholding the First Prize and giving the Second Prize to William Bliss, who sent in a diary of the semi-fictional type which contrived to rescue itself from the prevailing sin of shapelessness by means of its rather ingenious (and by me at any rate quite unforeseen) climax.

SECOND PRIZE

Thursday, June 20th, 10 a.m.

Just off to Ascot. First time for three years. Couldn't afford it since we married, but always promised Barbara. That cheque from Jimmy Scudamore last week seemed like Providence! Owed me that £120 since 1930. Never expected to see it again. So I'm taking her—and her sister Joan too. Meant new frocks for both of them—but it's worth it. Bought myself a grey top-hat and Zeiss field-glasses. Always wanted them.

Barbara's Uncle sent her three tickets for lunch Cavalry Club. If I put £1 on each race I might clear—and have the £120 still!

10 p.m.

Began to rain before we got to Staines. Off and on all day. Ascot a squelch. Lawn a sea of brown soup. Thought we'd lunch early to cheer us up. Barbara'd left tickets behind—so we had to queue up. Beastly scrum. Wet, muggy, untidy, expensive. B. sulky, Joan skittish. Champagne—lots of it—no good. Missed first race (just as well probably!) B. and J. made me put 10s. each on their fancies as well. Not a single winner. One of B.'s came in third and she said I should have backed it both ways!

On way back car conked. Had to leave her and come by train. Hours. Beastly headache. Bed for me. B. still sulky. I had hoped—oh well, never mind. Let's see:

	£	s.	d.
Frocks and fal-lals (say)	52	10	0
Top-hat	2	2	0
Field-glasses	16	16	0
Tickets, parking, etc...	7	10	0
Lunch	3	17	6
Bets	10	0	0

Well, anyway, the cheque'll cover it—and I'll have the hat and field-glasses. That's something.

* * *

Barbara's just found a letter in the box. Came by afternoon post. It's from the Bank to say that Scudamore's cheque has been returned marked "R.D."

On the whole not a very good day. WILLIAM BLISS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 131.—WHOOPEE IN DUDPORE

"When I was in Dudpore," said General Chutney, "the Rajah gave the young people a marvellous party."

"Indeed?" said I, with my customary inability to escape.

"Marvellous. It was a sort of treasure hunt. Jewels, bangles, knick-knacks, were scattered around the palace, and the girls and boys just wandered around and picked up what they could."

"How interesting," I murmured.

"I haven't come to the interesting part," said the General, rather testily. "That was, that everyone invited picked up at least one gift. But no two collected the same number."

"Odd," said I. "Were your own kids taking part?"

"Yes, of course. I remember how peeved Sylvia was. She and Muriel were the two who had least success—they only picked up four gifts between them. On the other hand, Enid did better than anybody else. . . Of course, she was the loser financially."

"Financially?" I echoed.

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? The Rajah gave each competitor a sum of money. This"—he consulted his notebook—"was calculated as follows. Two rupees for each present that he (or she) *didn't* find, less five rupees for each present that he did."

"Cost him much?" I asked, yawning.

"One thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven rupees."

How many presents were collected by Enid?

PROBLEM 129.—FLOWER-SHOW

This problem, like all of its type, can be tackled from several starting points. As with all such "tangles," it has attracted an enormous entry. The solution is as follows:

Mr. Aster grows *Roses.*
,, *Dahlia* ,, *Asters.*
,, *Geranium* ,, *Dahlias.*
,, *Rose* ,, *Geraniums.*
(*The above constitute the Bridge four.*)
Mr. Phlox grows *Snapdragons.*
,, *Snapdragon* ,, *Sweet Peas.*
,, *Sweetpea* ,, *Phlox.*

Points will be awarded (1) for the above solution; (2) to competitors who showed that the problem as first published (i.e., with one clue omitted) was susceptible of four solutions.

PROBLEM 128.—CROSS COUNTRY

I held up this solution for a week while I studied some very confused (and confusing) arguments. The answer to the problem is as follows:

(1) Punter's bet is only "on" if Layoff, Nark, and Oddson all lose.

(2) Hence we have only to consider six possible results:

Possible Results

Schools	1	2	3	4	5	6
A	6	8	7	7	7	7
B	5	5	5	7	7	7
C	5	5	5	4	5	6
D	5	3	4	3	2	1

Each of these results is equally likely, and Repchester is equally likely to be A, B, C or D.

(3) Hence Punter, who bets that Repchester will score 5 points, has 8 chances in 24 of winning, and fair odds are not 4 to 1 against, but 2 to 1 against.

Thus Gamble stands to lose £3 6*s.* 8*d.*

NOTE.

(1) The bets laid by Layoff, Nark and Oddson are in no sense relevant to the fairness of Punter's bet. Their bets were only included in the problem in order to delimit Punter's field. But the fact that Punter is only betting if a situation arises in which Gamble stands to win, does not justify his asking for specially favourable odds in respect of his own venture.

(2) A number of competitors have stated that Gamble "stands to lose £10." So he does—if Punter wins the bet. But odds against this occurring are two to one. However, I shall not deduct points for this small mistake.

(3) Nor shall I deduct points from those competitors who have calculated Gamble's *a priori* expectation of loss. Indeed, I take off my hats to them! Nevertheless it should have been clear from the context ("Is this a fair bet? *Or* does Gamble stand to gain or lose?") that only Punter's venture is in question.

PROBLEM 127.—SEA FEVER

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: Lt.-Col. M. G. Morgan, Cradock House, The Friary, Salisbury.

Eight points are awarded.

I have to thank Col. Morgan, and two other correspondents, for pointing out a slip in my statement of the solution. The ten distributions of the Blue Fleet are, of course, *not* equally likely, and point-expectancies should be weighted accordingly. This does not affect the answer.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

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LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

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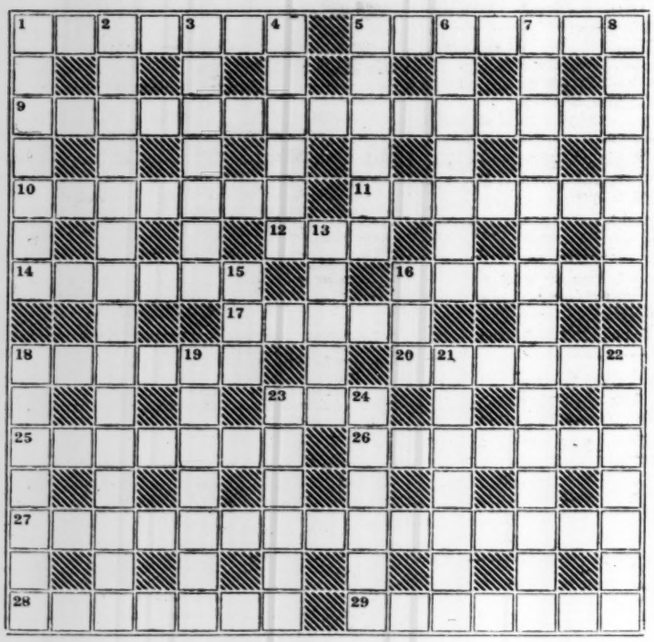
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 277

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. D. MacVicar, 20, Gala Park, Dunbar, E. Lothian

ACROSS

1. Really not an expression for an outlier.
5. Useful on a night out.
9. Warm up her medicines.
10. Nautical sun-shades.
11. They should always be worn out.
12. Dry grass turned derisively.
14. Its snow became bloody in the night.
16. Efforts at prose writing.
17. Supernatural being who appears publicly at Islington.
18. Mechanical acceleration.
20. A monkey led about gave a jump.
23. Political group that would naturally go to work its own way.
25. "Be-headed" when on a wooden trunk.
26. Earthly home of industrious models.
27. Suitable reward for Peninsular poets?
28. Send tea here loose.
29. Medically entertained gratis.

DOWN

1. Esau's uncle was put out.
2. Schools for railway employees?
3. Dislocating way to make a jam.
4. Opiniative non-conformity.
5. Come to close quarters on Boxing Night?
6. Came across bricklayers' tools.
7. Gift for a newcomer.
8. Sidesplitting over a ship with a cargo of tea.
13. Variable skylight.
15. Four-fifths of a dozen.
16. Measure up in 24.
18. The wearer of such a hat might well swear that she would eat it.
19. Put out of doors.
21. He tunes in an effusive manner.
22. Unkingly made.
23. Is terra firma in wet surroundings.
24. A more lowly resting place than 5 across.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	A	C	E	S	■	H	U	N	C	H	E	D	U	P
O	■	H	■	H	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	R
W	H	I	T	E	F	L	A	G	■	A	M	U	S	E
E	■	P	■	D	■	L	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	S
R	A	M	P	■	F	O	O	T	S	T	O	O	L	S
■	■	U	■	N	■	W	■	I	■	H	■	■	■	S
T	A	N	N	I	N	■	O	V	E	R	C	O	A	T
E	■	K	■	G	■	R	■	E	■	U	■	V	■	U
R	U	S	H	H	O	U	R	■	A	G	R	E	E	D
E	■	■	■	T	■	M	■	S	■	S	■	R	■	■
B	L	I	N	D	W	O	R	M	S	■	A	G	E	D
R	■	Z	■	R	■	U	■	I	■	S	■	R	■	O
A	M	A	Z	E	■	R	E	L	A	T	I	O	N	S
N	■	A	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	W	■	E
T	A	K	E	S	I	D	E	S	■	B	A	N	G	S

Big Business!

Let us consider, sympathetically, the case of the tired business man. How heroically he faces illimitable luncheons. How doggedly he grapples with immeasurable dinners. How selflessly he battles with big business until the small hours of the morning. Shall we presume to criticise if he be a trifle irritable on awaking? Let us rather remove the paper hat from his fevered brow and lay his Eno's 'Fruit Salt' near at hand, with a glass of water conveniently close. Knowing that its magic touch, reviving to the overworked and cleansing to the over-indulged, will give him strength and courage to rise to even greater heights.

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FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

YORKSHIRE Dales. 1 mile Aysgarth, 8 miles Buckden. Comfortable guesthouse for energetic or restful holidays. Full or partial board residence. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

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BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE. Ideal for an early holiday. Travel *via* Carlisle and Cockermouth. Victoria Golf Hotel. Hot water and electricity in all bedrooms.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse board-residence. Near sea and golf. Beautifully situated. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

HINDHEAD, Surrey. Altitude 900 feet amid pine trees and heather, THORSHILL HOTEL offers every comfort. Completely modernised. Beds beyond reproach. Food excellent. Hot water abundant. 'Phone 545.

HOWDEN COURT, Torquay. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans, Now delightful; h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. MRS. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

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FELIXSTOWE, Wyncote, Leopold Road. Board residence. 2 minutes sea. Separate tables. Good cuisine. Farm produce. Until July 27th 2½ guineas weekly.

HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Avenue. Constant hot water. Quiet, moderate.

LEAMINGTON SPA. Delegates and tourists favour Delobran Guest House; from 3gns.; cheaper sharing, partial. Garage. MRS. LLOYD, 151 Leam Terrace.

WEST CORNWALL. Convenient well-furnished cottage for long or short periods, holidays or residence (not August). Delightful situation near village on famous coast between Land's End and St. Ives. Glorious country. Sandy bathing coves. Terms and photos from MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 60s. (season). Seaside centre at Borth-y-Gest. Prog. Free. Tel. 26. N. S. KERR.

WYE VALLEY. Guest House and Craft Centre. Vegetarian Diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Chepstow, Mon.

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From yesterday's post:

"We are pleased to inform you that your advertisement sold our 2-seater Wolseley car at 11 a.m. on Friday the day of issue. Nail this among the gaudy rosettes over your loose-box door."

"Yes, please renew the advertisement. I am grateful that a number of people have found me through you."

(A well-known Hotel-keeper.)

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10 GT. TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

THE LE PLAY SOCIETY

AUGUST VISITS include:—(1) BULGARIA (Sofia, Black Sea, and Rhodope Mountains); (2) RUSSIA via Leningrad, Moscow to the Caucasus; (3) ANDORRA (hotel or camping); (4) DENMARK and SWEDEN; (5) The OUTER HEBRIDES, Stornoway (hotel or camping).
Write MISS MARGARET TATTON, Director, 58 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

KENT. Restful accommodation amid beautiful country old-world village. Bath, h. and c. Efficient catering. Garage. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden. 'Phone 46.

TO let furnished—secluded house—Hampstead, yet near tube, buses. Privacy, garden, books, paintings, every comfort. Large sitting room, dining, excellent kitchen, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Would like people to enjoy it during school holidays. 4 guineas per week. Apply Box 795, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EASTBOURNE. Furnished flat available July, part August and September, two sitting, four bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, electricity. Telephone. Quiet square, near station, shops, sea, Devonshire Park. 5 to 7 gns. Box 807, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

COUNTRY cottage. Furnished by Heals. Four bedrooms, electricity. Available July 13 or 27, for short period. Apply E.S., "Cranford," Jordans, Bucks.

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LAND of Infinite holiday variety—North Wales—where sea and mountains mingle. 33 Resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Mountain climbing, golfing, fishing, sea and sunbathing on the golden sands, sailing, touring, exploring, etc., and endless amusements. Write for booklet (2d. postage) to Dept. 25, North Wales United Resorts, Bangor. Travel by L.M.S. Express Trains at a Penny a Mile.

GUERNSEY, Grande Mare, Vazon Bay. Visitors accommodated in old converted farmhouse facing beach. MRS. CLARKE.

BRETON VILLAGE. Journalist recommends comfortable house, 5 mins. sea. Secluded bathing. Garage, garden, h. and c. water. English spoken. July and Sept. from 30 frs. a day. Aug. 35 frs. J. LE BIHAN, Villa la Rance, La Cornillais, Dinard, France.

SWITZERLAND, WILDERSWIL (Interlaken) Park Hotel and Pension des Alpes. Homelike Family Hotel with every modern convenience. Garage. Splendid view of Jungfrau, etc. Centre for Walks and Daily Excursions. Special terms for 1935. MMES. E. & M. LUTHI, Props.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

MODERN ARCHITECTURE WITH COUNTRY-SIDE CHARM.
WELWYN: 30 minutes King's Cross is the only place where no ugly houses spoil the general loveliness. A well-built house, simply yet beautifully designed, with modern equipment, can be purchased for £540 with £7 ground rent: 3 bedrooms, lounge, dining room, kitchen, and bathroom. Weekly outgoings (with £80 deposit) 22s. 6d. covering rates and water. Other types £425 to £975 wide variety to choose from. Welwyn is a lively social centre, with first class sports facilities, good schools, shops, cinema, amateur theatre, and swimming pool. Delightful houses are to let at rents from £50 to £150 p.a. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

MARLOW COMMON

In one of the beauty spots of Bucks
OLD-WORLD half-timbered TUDOR COTTAGE, restored and modernised: contains 4 bed, bath, 2 reception rooms, etc.; electric lighting and power; Co.'s water; garage, garden ¾ acre; rent £74 p.a., or with 7½ acres land, £84 p.a. Particulars of GIDDYS, Maidenhead.

INACCESSIBILITY, damp walls, cracking plaster, warping wood and road charges. Avoid these discomforts of new houses by living in modern house properly "run in." 88 years' lease, 3 bedrooms, 2 rec., bathroom, kitchen, lav., boxroom; 5 mins' tube, 3 mins. bus; recently redecorated, in silent cul-de-sac nr. park; £775, mortgage available. 'Phone: Hendon 1695, or write 4 Elm Close, N.W.4.

NEW FOREST, 8 miles Salisbury. For August, 5 guineas a week, commodious small house, 3 bedrooms, 3 sitting rooms, etc., garage, garden, lovely view over Avon Valley, bathing. MRS. VAUGHAN NASH, Woodgreen, Salisbury.

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TO let. July 6-20. Charming flat. 5 rooms, roof garden. 2½ gns. Kens. 3367.

AT LAST

MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 5856. 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK, well-furnished bed-sitting room, or suite, central heating, h. and c. 'Phone; meals as required. 73 Albert Road.

FURNISHED bed-sitting-room. Every convenience. Central. 25s. weekly, including bath and light. Apply MRS. LUCAS, 2-4, Garrick Street, W.C.2.

HEIGHTS OF ISLINGTON, from mid-July for eight weeks. S.C. furnished 3-floor flat in large square overlooking Highgate and Crystal Palace, five rooms, kitchen, bath, telephone, piano. Easy access to all centres. Trees, quiet. 3 guineas. Box 801, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Small furnd. flat, 30s. 15 Heathcote Street, Mecklenburg Sq., or 'phone PRI 1043.

HAMPSTEAD. Furnd. double room, piano, use kit., 23s. to 25s., also smaller 14s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue.

LADY to share modern flat (unfurnished) with professional couple, Leytonstone. Rent 7s. 6d. and share housework. Box 800, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CENTRAL ROOM. Journalist, Artist, Teacher; 10s. Write CLARE, 19A Red Lion Square, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS

GERMAN girl (21) wants place as mother's help next month. Write: MOSSCROFT, Bensham Grove, Gateshead.

MOTHER with progressive educational outlook desires services of young woman with some knowledge of, and definite affection for, babies, to take complete charge during day of year-old baby in N.W.3 district. Apply: Box 803, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG gentlewoman wishes to join two or three people spending a *motoring holiday* in the British Isles. Expenses shared. References on both sides. Full details of plans would be appreciated. Write to Box 799, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SUN FOLK SOCIETY (Nudist), formed 1930, has few vacancies. Excellent accommodation in 5 acres beautiful woodland. Bathing pool. 4 Newport House, 16 Great Newport Street, W.C.2.

WHICH Englishman, about 30, with intellectual interests, fond of sports and simple life, would care to spend his holidays with young University woman or small party, walking in AUSTRIA? Expenses shared. Full particulars exchanged. Box 808, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed. From Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

NOVEL TREASURY FINANCE—BRISTOL AEROPLANE AND "INTRODUCTIONS"—ABUSE OF PREFERENCE SHARES—SOME PROTECTED PREFERENCE SHARES—BRITISH OXYGEN

THE formation of a finance company under Treasury control to make advances to the railways in the new London Transport scheme adds a point to the Labour Party's proposal for a National Investment Board. I have always felt that it was cumbersome, if not dangerous, to add financing powers to a National Investment Board, which, being primarily concerned with the planning, co-ordinating and mobilising of the capital expenditures of the nation, should keep its head above executive details. At the same time an energetic and conscientious Board would probably demand immediate financial action in special cases where private enterprise was either hidebound or unwilling. The Government should then act upon the Board's advice by forming a company *ad hoc* to raise a Treasury-guaranteed loan from the public and to advance the moneys for the approved purpose against some form of collateral security pledged by the spending organisation. By this means the enterprise would be financed at the cheapest market rate. In the London Transport scheme the *ad hoc* finance company fulfils a dual purpose. It can act as a stabilisation fund for the gilt-edged market as well as being a financing body. The railways need not borrow from the finance company until the money is actually required for the payment of bills. If the finance company chooses to raise the total sum authorised (£40 millions) immediately, it can invest the money in the gilt-edged market until it is required by the railways. In other words, it can temporarily support 3 per cent. Local Loans and pave the way for the conversion of that fund. The Treasury is to be congratulated on an ingenious piece of State finance.

* * *

On June 8th I suggested that the Stock Exchange Committee might become a little more severe in dealing with "introductions" out of which the privileged "insiders" were making a very large profit. Aspro and O.K. Bazaars were then cited. I must now add the "introduction" of the ordinary shares of the Bristol Aeroplane Company which were acquired by the financial house—360,000—at 37*s.* 6*d.* and came on offer to the public in the market this week at 56*s.* 6*d.* (I do not suggest that the financial house is making a profit of nearly £360,000, for it has had to bear the expenses of the recent issue of preference shares and of the reorganisation of the share capital, but it is a big enough "killing" to excite comment.) No doubt the public is very foolish to place buying orders with brokers "at the opening price," but they have no means of knowing how many shares have been supplied to or withheld from the market. The exciting rumour has got round that the 10*s.* ordinary shares will earn as much after the increase in capital as before, namely, about 45 per cent. Everyone knows that the Bristol Aeroplane Company is in a unique position in regard to Air Ministry orders and has become the leader in the aircraft industry, but if the shares are so few, so precious and so prized that the investing public will not be able to obtain any reasonable amount except at fancy prices, they should not be introduced at all. The Stock Exchange Committee might consider whether introductions should be disallowed in cases where the public is unable to come in near the ground floor. The boom in aircraft shares is not yet ended, and other aircraft issues are on the way. It is time that the Government brought forward the proposal for a costings factory as a check upon aircraft profiteering.

* * *

"Equity" shareholders are apt to forget that preference shareholders are entitled to "equity" in law, if not in dividends. There has been no more resolute attack upon the rights of preference shareholders than that of the directors of De Beers. The holders of £2,000,000 worth of 40 per cent. cumulative preference shares of this company are requested to agree to the reduction, in perpetuity, of their preferential dividends from 40 per cent. to 24 per cent. without any compensation and to accept debentures and deferred shares to the value of approximately £3 15*s.* in satisfaction of dividend arrears of £4 per share. When the directors of De Beers argue that preference dividends should be limited to the receipts from the Company's non-diamond interests (at a time when receipts from the diamond interests have begun to improve), they are adding insult to injury. The band of directors includes the names of a number of eminent persons, and I look forward to hearing a statement of their side of the case. The Association of Investment Trusts has expressed itself strongly on this proposal (which will come before a meeting on October 17th) and is rightly regarding it as an important test case in the definition of the rights of preference shares. Everyone knows that preference shareholders are uncomfortably situated—that they can never obtain more than their fixed dividends when profits are rising and may have to forgo them when profits are falling, but it is at least the time-honoured practice of the British financial world that preference shares should be regarded as irredeemable securities, and that if their dividends are cumulative the shareholders should receive payment of the arrears as soon as these have been earned.

* * *

The *Economist* has estimated that the total of outstanding preference capital, at par value, in this country is over £1,612 millions. Of this £508 millions represent shares quoted above par in the market and receiving dividends of 6 per cent. and upwards. There are a few preference shares whose market premiums are safeguarded by the Company's Articles of Association in the event of liquidation. For example the first (8 per cent.) and second (9 per cent.) preference shares of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are entitled to priority of capital at 110 per cent. or at the average premium certified to have been quoted on the London Stock Exchange in the six months preceding liquidation. A similar rule applies to the Burmah Oil Company's 8 per cent. third preference shares (115 per cent. or average premium), although this company's 6 per cent. first and second preference shares are limited to par and 110 per cent., respectively. It is a pity that these protected shares have some political risks, for the yields are very satisfactory :—

	Times Dividend covered.	Price of shares.	Dividend Yield %
Anglo-Persian 8% First Preference shares, £1	2.07	37/3xd	£4 6 0
Anglo-Persian 9% Second Preference Shares, £1	1.7	38/3xd	£4 14 3
Burmah Oil 8% Third Preference Shares, £1	5.2	39/4½	£4 1 9

If the attack on preference shareholders' rights continues—and the greed of some "equity" holders increases—the Government should consider an amendment to the Companies Acts guaranteeing "irredeemable" preference shares priority of capital at the average premium quoted on the Stock Exchange six months prior to liquidation. I am glad to see that the *News of the World* is guaranteeing its new preference at 10*s.* premium, by way of capital priority.

* * *

The history of the British Oxygen Company reads like a page from Wall Street in the 1928/9 boom. The ordinary shares were as low as 43*s.* in 1934 and as high as 87*s.* 6*d.* This year there was some reaction to around 71*s.* in March, but then the shares began to climb, account after account, until this week they went over 120*s.* Such persistent buying cannot be explained by ordinary speculation. It suggests aggressive buying for control. In the year to December 1934 the ordinary shares earned 21 per cent, and received 15 per cent. in dividends. Fabulous stories have been circulated regarding the present earnings. The company is engaged in two different lines of business—the manufacture of gas-utilising appliances and the manufacture of the various gases used by the appliances. It is believed that the gases account for 75 per cent. of the total value of the company's turnover. The gases are used for metal cutting, metal welding, metal spraying and in glass working, with "side-lines" in sparklet syphons and gas medical equipment. In the field of metal welding the company comes up against the competition of the electric arc—and it is Murex which is the most important manufacturer of arc-welding equipment. There is no doubt that there is large scope for expansion in the sale of the company's gases—oxygen, dissolved acetylene, hydrogen, nitrogen, argon and neon, compressed air, etc. (oxygen and dissolved acetylene account for over 50 per cent. of the gas turnover), but whether the earnings will amount to the market estimates of 40 per cent. this year is very doubtful. However, if some aggressive and obtuse person wishes to acquire control of the Company the shares can rise £1 per month. Many crazy things are happening in the "equity" share markets to-day.

Company Meeting

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL

SIR JOHN CADMAN'S ADDRESS

The twenty-sixth ordinary general meeting of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd., was held in London on Thursday. Sir John Cadman, G.C.M.G., D.Sc., the chairman presiding, referred to the great loss experienced through the death of Lord Greenway, President of the company; continuing he said (in part):—

On the Assets side, important changes are few. *British and Colonial Government Securities* are lower by approximately £2,000,000 owing to sales to provide part of the funds for the repayment of Debentures on 31st December last, the balance being largely met by the excess of the Group's depreciation over its capital expenditure during 1934.

You will have noticed, with satisfaction, that the market value of British and Colonial Government securities is nearly £600,000 in excess of their book value. The increase in *Creditors and Sundry Liabilities* on the Liabilities side is largely due to taxation provision. The 5 per cent. premium on repayment of the Debentures has been deducted from the *Debenture Stock Redemption Reserve* which is accordingly reduced to £2,327,500. The total of the Balance Sheet items is down by approximately £3,000,000 and as this is due to repayment of Debentures, it will be regarded with satisfaction. The most gratifying feature of the Profit and Loss Account is the increase in Trading Profit of more than £1,200,000, obtained at selling prices on the whole lower than in 1933. Decreases in the cost of distribution counterbalanced the reduction in selling prices and the extra profit resulted from the larger volume of products sold. *Royalty and Taxation payable to the Iranian Government* increased by £374,000 owing to greater production and increased profit, but the higher gold premium also contributed to the increase. Increased profit has necessitated increased provision for *Income Tax*. The profit available for distribution amounts to £3,235,033. After payment of the Preference Stock Dividends the sum remaining has enabled the Board to recommend payment of a dividend of 12½ per cent. on the Ordinary Stock, leaving £485,674 to be carried forward. I feel sure that you will regard these results as eminently satisfactory. I feel that the Balance Sheet is the strongest that has yet been put before you.

Production from Masjid-i-Sulaiman and Haft Kel rose during 1934 to approximately 7½ million tons, of which about 70 per cent. was drawn from Masjid-i-Sulaiman.

The process of developing the Haft Kel field continued during the year. Further drilling has happily confirmed the results of earlier wells, and the proved area has been so much extended that it is now approximately equal to that of Masjid-i-Sulaiman. The provision of more pipeline facilities was put in hand towards the end of 1934 and has since been completed. Further additions, to meet our future market needs, will shortly be made.

The extensions to the cracking and distillation equipment of Abadan, to which I referred last year, will be in operation by the end of 1935 and further additions are in hand. At Kermanshah the new refinery will, I expect, be in commission by the autumn. Cracking plant and improved equipment for the manufacture of lubricants are being installed at the Douai refinery of our associated company in France.

The British Tanker Company's fleet of 80 vessels was fully employed throughout the year and was, fortunately, free from serious accident.

The expansion of our sales during 1934 has been satisfactory, but business with certain countries was hampered by exchange and import restrictions. In this respect, I regret to say, there is little or no improvement to record. Stockholders know that these particular troubles are widespread and affect the whole commercial and industrial situation. The important position which we hold in the United Kingdom market has been well upheld by our distributing company, Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. This consolidation is operating very effectively.

The Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline from Kirkuk to the Mediterranean was completed in 1934 and officially opened in January, 1935. Regular deliveries of crude oil commenced in September, 1934. Thus ends a major phase of this Company's constructional operations; and Iraq and the Iraq Petroleum Company have taken their places among the great oil-producing regions and enterprises of the world.

The Chairman then dealt with his visits to Australia, Iraq and Iran, a journey of 40,000 miles and of four months' duration, saying: I was gratified to observe the efficiency which was evident in all branches of our operations; and I should like here to record the Board's satisfaction, with the competent manner in which our Staff carries out its duties, both at home and in widely spread regions of the world.

I do not think any of you will expect me to bind myself to a definite prophecy as to our results for 1935. Too many variable factors exist which could exert a considerable influence during the next six months for that to be practicable. We have, for instance, no certainty of the course which will be taken by the oil industry in the United States. Nor can we foretell the trend of world events or assess their probable effects on our business. At the moment, however, the balance of definite indication is favourable; and this, along with the extremely sound position of the Company, provides, at least, no ground for pessimism.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

A special resolution was passed at the close of the meeting authorising that the name of the company be changed to "Anglo-Iranian Oil Company Limited."

Company Meeting

SCRIBBANS & COMPANY

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS

EXTENSION OF THE BUSINESS

The eighth annual general meeting of Scribbans and Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday last at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (the Chairman), in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—The profits of £228,944 again show a slight increase and, having regard to the fact that the trade that we supply has shown no marked improvement, the result reflects favourably on the management.

During the year we have carried out considerable extensions to our Smethwick factory and we have also purchased the business of Greig and Douglas, of Leith, in the anticipation that this will enable us to extend our sales in Scotland and Northern Ireland. Up to the present this purchase has been fully justified. The trading of the company's other subsidiary continues to give good results.

Our business, as I have always told you, is a very competitive one, and although the character of the business has changed considerably for the better since I became connected with it eight years ago, it is as much essential now as ever that we should proceed cautiously and conserve our resources. I am hopeful that in a few years we shall have established our business on a much wider and sounder basis, but I feel that I should be lacking in frankness if I did not point out to you that there are still many difficulties to be overcome, and before this result is achieved there may be reverses to contend with, but taking it on the whole, the results the company has achieved since its inception are not unsatisfactory, and I am convinced that ultimately we shall obtain the profits to which our organisation entitles us.

Mr. Louis Nicholas seconded the resolution and it was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors, Mr. S. H. Swinchatt and Mr. Edwin Adams, were unanimously re-elected.

RELAXATION

●How pleasant to escape the fret of life for a brief forgetful spell.
We cater for those who seek rest and recuperation at the

BLENHEIM HOTEL BRIGHTON

Opposite Pavilion Gardens. Close to sea and amusements. The Hotel holds the R.A.C. appointment and terms are moderate. Illustrated tariff will gladly be sent on application to H. P. PENFOLD, Resident Director.

HELP

TO SAVE THOSE IN PERIL AT SEA

You yourself may never be called upon to effect a rescue at sea—yet can you forget that it is a part of the daily work of these heroic men?
Are you willing to help them in this magnificent work?
£250,000 is needed each year, but every penny will help. Send whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, June 30, at 11 a.m.: JOHN A. HOBSON, M.A.: "THE CAUSES OF WAR." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, June 30th, at 11. MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: THE LIVES OF MEN. 7. MR. W. E. COLLIER: THE PASTOR OF THE AGE TO COME. (Immediately after the Service there will be a Supper).

F.P.S.I. Conference on Air Disarmament and "World Airways," July 6th to 7th. "Surrey Crest," Godstone. Barrington Whitlow, R. Jefferies, SECY., 475 Oxford Street.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL, Otterden, near Faversham, Kent. Co-educational Progressive Country Home School for English and German pupils, 5-18. Students prepared for English examinations by Graduate Staff, ten English, six German. Excellent opportunity for learning German. Music and Arts stressed. Day and boarding. Moderate fees. Principal: FRAU ANNA ESSINGER, M.A. 'Phone: Eastling 6.

HURTWOOD SCHOOL, PEASLAKE Nr. GUILDFORD
Boarding and Day School for Boys and Girls (from 3 years)
welcomes children from homes of widely varying outlook and encourages free discussion.
The aim of the school is to produce healthy well-balanced individuals with humour, originality, and good sense, which will enable them to use their knowledge and individuality wisely in the service of society. Full prospectus from the Headmistress. MISS JANET JEWSON, M.A., N.F.U.

OAKLEA, BUCKHURST HILL, ESSEX (recognised by Board of Education). Girls 8 to 19. P.N.E.U. programmes followed. Individual time-tables for "Citizens" over 12. Handicrafts, eurhythmics, gardening, riding in forest, etc. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

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MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres. 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105–165 per annum.

KESWICK SCHOOL. English Lakes. All-round education in perfect surroundings; boys and girls, 6–18. Fees £82 (or less).

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex (nearest village, Great Warley). Co-educational, from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, but in lovely country surroundings. Majority of trained staff with five years experience in the school itself. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4-18). Altitude, 4,100 feet.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, Swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages. Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

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SCHOOLS—continued

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
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Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School Journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural, educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

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Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of German. Salary £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1935.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before July 2nd, 1935.
EDWIN DREW, Registrar.
Singleton Park, Swansea.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The Senate invite applications for the Hildred Carlile Chair of Latin tenable at Bedford College. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on Sept. 12th, 1935, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.
GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE.
APPLICATIONS are invited for the full-time POST of TUTOR-LECTURER (man) in ART in the Training Department. The appointment will date from 1st September, 1935.
The Tutor will be responsible for the organisation and supervision of the professional training in the principles and practice of teaching of students of the Royal College of Art taking the post-Diploma course for intending teachers. This part of the post-Diploma course, hitherto conducted at the Royal College of Art, will, by arrangement with the Board of Education, be undertaken in 1935-36 by Goldsmiths' College.
Candidates must furnish evidence of an adequate Art training and of successful teaching experience. The salary will be fixed after consideration of previous experience, but for a well-qualified man will be not less than £450.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, to whom completed applications must be sent not later than 8th July.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE
Coleg Prifathrofaol Deheudir Cymru a Mynwy.
The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Full-time Organising Tutor in connection with its extra-mural activities, to work mainly in the rural districts of the area. The appointment in the first instance will be for a probationary period of three years, and the annual salary will be £300.
Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned, to whom 12 copies of applications and testimonials (which need not be printed) must be forwarded not later than Saturday, July 13th, 1935. D. J. A. BROWN, Registrar.
University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD
OFFICIAL FELLOWSHIP IN ECONOMICS
The College contemplates electing an Official Fellow to lecture in Economics, to take up his duties in October, 1935, or January, 1936. The stipend will be fixed in accordance with the work undertaken and the seniority of the successful candidate, but will in no case be less than £500 in the first year, with rooms in College rent free, and dinner free of charge at the Common Table.
Candidates should write to the PROVOST as soon as possible for an application form, which must be returned to him, with references and three testimonials, by July 15th. An election will probably be made on July 30th. The choice of the College will not necessarily be limited to the candidates who apply.

APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women of good education for the post of Assistant-in-Charge of the Morecambe Branch of the Lancashire County Library. The salary will be £200, rising by £10 a year to £250. Candidates must possess the Diploma of the School of Librarianship or of the Library Association, and must have had experience in a county or municipal library. Preference may be given to university graduates. Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, must reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston, by the first post on Saturday, July 13th.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF PADDINGTON
APPOINTMENT OF BRANCH LIBRARIAN (MALE) PUBLIC LIBRARIES.
The Council invite APPLICATIONS for the appointment of a BRANCH LIBRARIAN (MALE) at the Public Libraries, at a salary of £215 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 per annum to £265 per annum. Candidates must be not less than 24 nor more than 30 years of age, and must be Fellows of the Library Association. Previous Public Library service is essential. The candidate selected will be required to produce a certificate of birth, pass an examination by the Council's Medical Examiner, devote the whole of his time to the duties of his office, and contribute to the Council's Superannuation scheme. Application must be made on the official form, which will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, and be delivered here with copies of not more than three recent testimonials not later than the first post on SATURDAY, 6th JULY, 1935.
Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify.
Town Hall, Paddington, W.2. W. F. ABBISS, Town Clerk.
19th June, 1935.

DENTAL mechanic seeks post, anywhere, age 32, 18 years experience. Typing (own machine), housework, etc. 20, Maple Gardens, Edgware, Middlesex.

READER recommends Chauffeur—used to large and small English and American cars, six years with present employer who is now giving up car. Married; in thirties; willing to be "handy" about house or estate. Box 805, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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